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The Secret of a Happy Life

(Materna)

Written for the Charles W. Wendte
Chapter of the Unitarian Layman's
League, Oakland, California.

I.

The secret of a happy life
Is an industrious hand;
Which gladness finds in earnest work
For noble purpose planned.
It leaves no time for idle fears,
Thoughts morbid or depressed,
But cheerfully it does its part
And leaves to Heaven the rest.

II.

The secret of a happy life
Lies in an honest mind;
Sincere in speech, upright in deed,
And just to all its kind.
Forever loyal to the truth,
By reason's light descried;
Nor wealth nor honors it can tempt
From righteousness aside.

III.

The secret of a happy life
Is in a loving heart
Whose good-will flows to all its kind,
To all would joy impart.
It shares in others weal or woe;
Is not with self engrossed.
The richest and the happiest heart
Is his who loves the most.

IV.

The secret of a happy life
Is a believing soul
Serenely trusting in the Power
Which animates the whole.
On earnest, upright, loving lives
Heaven's choicest blessings fall;
The thought of God within the soul
Their crowning joy of all.

—Charles W. Wendte.

June, 1925.

A MORNING PRAYER

To Ellers 10. S.

O Thou! whose providence the world upholds,
Whose wisdom framed it, and whose love enfolds,
We lift to Thee in song our morning prayer,
And praise and bless Thee for thy constant care.

The tiny dew drop sparkling on the rose
The sun's vast disc in full reflected shows.
The lowliest heart with Thine in worship blent
Glows with the radiance Heaven itself hath lent.

What high communings, deeper insights thrill
Our souls made one with the Eternal Will!
What reassurance of a care divine
Reveals a Father's purposes benign!

O Father-heart! impart to us Thy peace,
Our doubts dispel, our faith in Thee increase.
To trust and love, our brother's burden share,
Be this our joy, the answer to our prayer.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

Berkeley, August, 1926.

JUBILATE DEO

A BOOK OF HYMNS AND TUNES FOR
YOUNG AND OLD

Wm. Lloyd Garrison

*O be joyful in the Lord. Serve the Lord with gladness;
come before his presence with a song.—PSALM C.*

GEORGE H. ELLIS
272 CONGRESS STREET, BOSTON

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GEORGE H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 272 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON.

W 475
1900

PREFACE.

THIS hymnal has been prepared at the suggestion and under the auspices of the Young People's Religious Union. It is designed, primarily, to meet the wants of the young people in our churches, who have outgrown much of the sentiment and phraseology of child-song, while not yet feeling entirely at home in the more stately and formal hymnology of the church. It is especially hoped that it may become a useful adjunct in the social religious meetings of the Young People's Religious Societies, which, under various names, are now, happily, so common in our church life.

Secondarily, it is hoped that this collection may commend itself, through its compactness and cheapness, to our churches in general, especially to young societies unable as yet to provide themselves with larger and more expensive hymnals. Congregations possessing hymn-books of an earlier issue may find it, because of its more recent compositions and poems, a welcome addition to their service of song. Another use which this work is intended to subserve is the music at week-day and social gatherings, Sunday evening parlor meetings, the home circle, out-of-door conventions, and missionary and reform work in general.

Especial attention has been given to the music. It has been the aim to select only singable tunes. Many familiar and endeared melodies which our congregations *can* sing have been interspersed with others,—selected chiefly from the rich treasury of English and German church song,—which they *ought* to sing, and which a little practice will enable them to acquire and enjoy.

A second division of the book—Songs of Joy and Social Duty—contains some forty airs of a more lively measure, with words suitable for various occasions in the home, the social religious meeting, the convention, and missionary gathering. Much that is new will be found here, as well as old favorites. This section is a characteristic feature of the book, and will give it a wider usefulness.

The words of the hymns have been carefully selected and revised. Many of the best church hymns, especially those suited to the free, joyous, and active temperament of youth, and inculcating a robust and healthy piety, have been incorporated in the book. The sacred lyrics of a Hosmer, Chadwick, Gannett, Savage, Williams, and other recent writers, are largely represented. The field of recent English hymnology has been gleaned with advantage. The number of absolutely new tunes and poems is not large, but will, it is hoped, add something to the enrichment of our church song.

The editor desires to return his grateful acknowledgments for valuable suggestions and helps in the preparation of the work to Mrs. Theodore C. Williams, Eugene R. Shippen, George A. Burdett, J. W. Tufts, William C. Gannett, Frederick L. Hosmer, the John Church Company, W. A. Pond & Co., Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and other authors and publishers of music and poetry who have kindly allowed the use of the same for this hymnal. He also confesses his obligation to those well-known and admirable collections of sacred song: "The Hymn and Tune Book" (Rev. R. R. Shippen, editor), "Unity Hymns and Chorals," "Unity Services and Songs" (J. Vila Blake, editor), "Amore Dei" (Mrs. Theodore C. Williams, editress), "Hymns for Church and Home" (Mrs. Mary W. Tileston and Arthur Foote, editors), "The Essex Hall Hymn and Tune Book" (Rev. W. Copeland Bowie), "Ethical Songs, Hymns of Modern Thought" (Miss E. Josephine Troup, editress), "A Book of Song and Service" (E. A. Horton, editor), also to other publications, too numerous to specify, which have been consulted for this work.

If any copyright has been unknowingly infringed, the editor asks for kind indulgence, and that he be informed of his mistake. He also offers his apologies to any authors whose hymns, owing to the practical impossibility of obtaining their addresses, he has used without their permission.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

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JUBILATE DEO.

MORNING AND EVENING.

I LAUDES DOMINI. 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

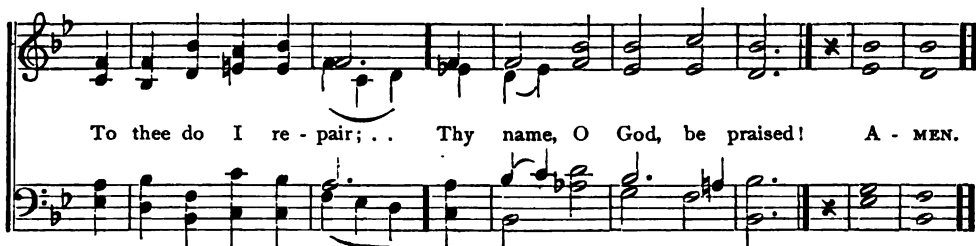
Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, . . My heart a - wak - ing cries, . .



Thy name, O God, be praised! A - like at work and prayer . .



To thee do I re - pair; . . Thy name, O God, be praised! A - MEN.

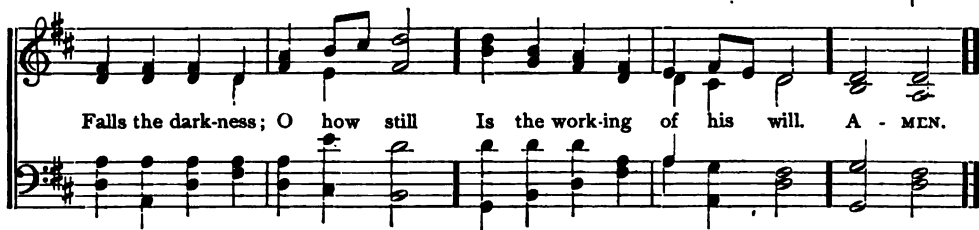
- 2 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
Thy name, O God, be praised!
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
Thy name, O God, be praised!
- 3 Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
Thy name, O God, be praised!
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
Thy name, O God, be praised!

- 4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
Thy name, O God, be praised!
Let earth and sea and sky,
From depth to height reply,
Thy name, O God, be praised!
- 5 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
Thy name, O God, be praised!
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
Thy name, O God, be praised!

German, 1828. Tr. by Edward Caswall.†

2 FERRIER. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



2 Mighty Maker, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

3 Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

4 Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

5 Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

William H. Furness.

3*Out of Self.*

1 What thou wilt, O Father, give!
All is gain that I receive:
Let the lowliest task be mine,
Grateful, so the work be thine.

2 Let me find the humblest place
In the shadow of thine grace;
Let me find in thine employ
Peace, that dearer is than joy.

3 If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer thee.

4 Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant!

5 Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my natural habitude.

John G. Whittier.

4*Invocation.*

1 Lo, we stand before thee now.
And our silent inward vow
Thou dost hear in that profound,
Where is neither voice nor sound.

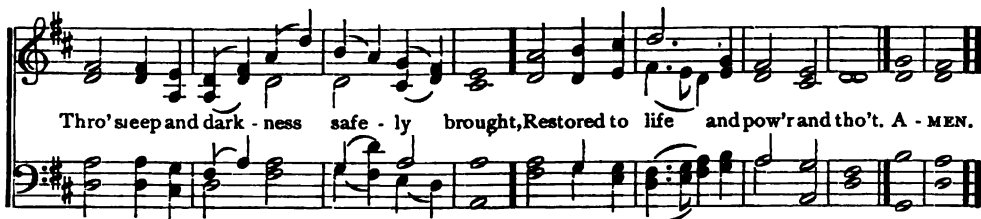
2 Not by any outward sign
Dost thou show thy will divine;
Deep within thy voice doth cry,
And our quickened souls reply.

3 Thou dost hear, and thou wilt bless
With thy strength and tenderness;
Lo! we come to do thy will;
With thy life our spirits fill.

John W. Chadwick.

5 DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of
heaven.

3 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see;
Some softening gleam of love and
prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

5 Seek we no more: content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and
go,—
The secret this of rest below.

6 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

6 *Consecration.* John Keble.

1 O thou, whose liberal sun and rain
Come not upon the earth in vain,
Now let thy quickening word come
down
The worship of this hour to crown.

2 O hear our hearts renew their vow,
Their solemn consecration now,
To work, with heart and soul and might,
For truth and freedom, love and right;

3 To listen with a willing faith
To whatsoever the Spirit saith,
And year by year to be more true
To him who maketh all things new.

Samuel Longfellow.

7 *Inspiration.*

1 Mysterious Presence, Source of all,—
The world without, the soul within,
Fountain of Life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in!

2 Thou breakest in the rushing wind,
Thy beauty shines in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

3 Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar-fire.

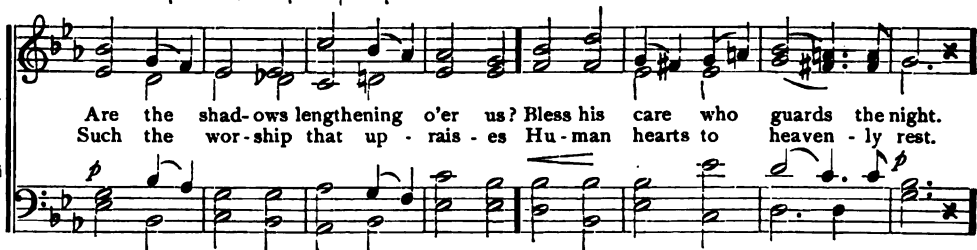
4 That touch divine still, Lord, impart,
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

8 PARTING. 8 & 7.

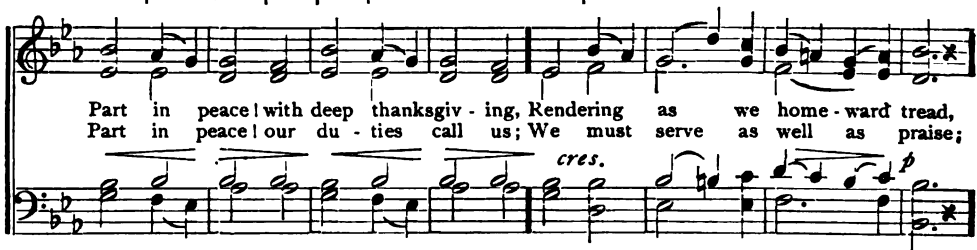
GOUNOD. Arr. by J. W. TUFTS.



1. Part in peace! is day be - fore us? Praise his name for life and light;
2. Part in peace! such are the prais - es God, our Ma - ker, lov - eth best;



Are the shad - ows lengthening o'er us? Bless his care who guards the night.
Such the wor - ship that up - rais - es Hu - man hearts to heav - en - ly rest.



Part in peace! with deep thanksgiv - ing, Rendering as we home - ward tread,
Part in peace! our du - ties call us; We must serve as well as praise;



Gra - cious ser - vice to the liv - ing, Tran - quil mem - o - ry
Ask not what may here be - fall us; Leave to God the



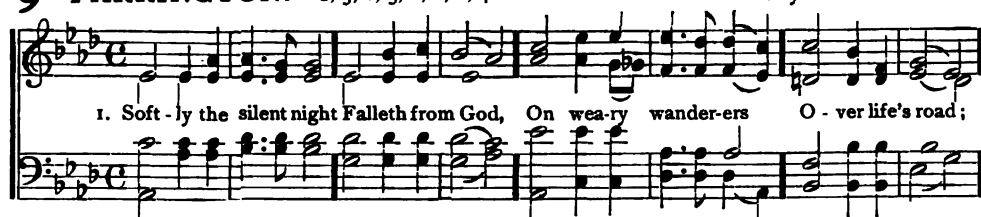
to the dead. A - men! A - men! A - men! A - men!
com - ing days. A - men! A - men! A - men! A - men!

A - men! A - men! A - men!

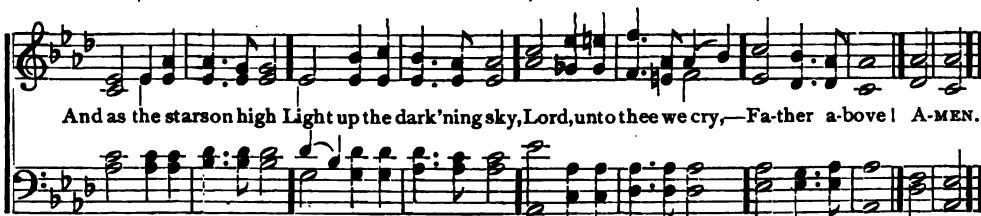
A - men!

9 FARRINGTON. 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 4.

Wesleyan Tune Book.



1. Soft - ly the silent night Falleth from God, On wea - ry wander - ers O - ver life's road;



And as the star - son high Light up the dark'ning sky, Lord, unto thee we cry,—Fa - ther a - bove! A - MEN.

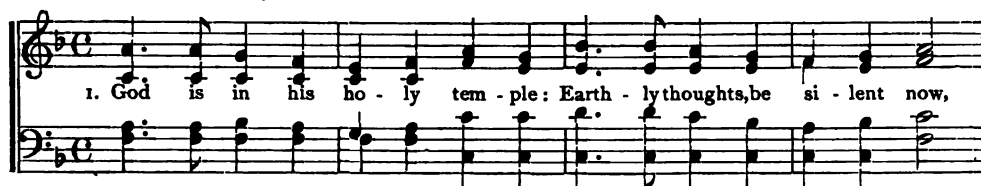
2 Slowly on failing wing
Daylight has passed;
Sleep, like an angel kind,
Folds us at last.
Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by thy angels bright,
Father above!

3 And when the gleam of morn
Touches our eyes,
And the returning day
Bids us arise,—
Happy beneath thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve thee still,
Father above!

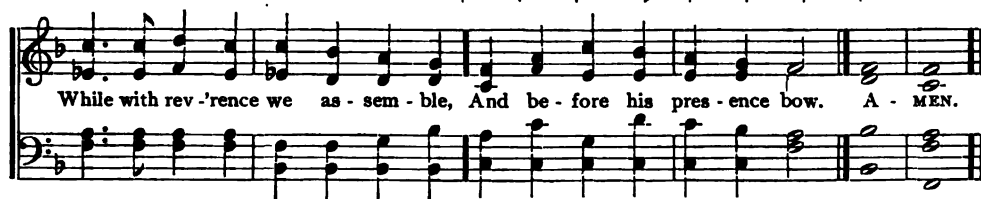
A. N. Blatchford.

10 AZABU. 8, 7.

Rev. H. W. HAWKES.



1. God is in his ho - ly tem - ple: Earth - ly thoughts, be si - lent now,



While with rev - erence we as - sem - ble, And be - fore his pres - ence bow. A - MEN.

2 He is with us now and ever,
When we call upon his name,
Aiding every good endeavor,
Guiding every upward aim.
3 God is in his holy temple,—
In the pure and holy mind;

In the reverent heart and simple;
In the soul from sense refined:
4 Then let every low emotion
Banished far and silent be,
And our souls in pure devotion,
Lord, be temples worthy thee!

II NUREMBERG. 7, 7, 7, 7.

JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE.

1. In the morn - ing I will pray For God's bless - ing on the day;

What this day shall be my lot, Light or dark - ness, know I not. A - MEN.

2 Should it be with clouds o'ercast,
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine!

3 Show me, if I tempted be,
Needed strength to find in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

4 Keep my feet from hidden snares,
And my eyes, O God, from tears;
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend.

William Henry Furness.

I2 All Things Present to God.

- 1 Mighty God, the first, the last,
What are ages in thy sight?
But as yesterday when past,
Or a watch within the night.
- 2 All that being ever knew,
Down, far down, ere time had birth,
Stands as clear within thy view
As the present things of earth.
- 3 All that being e'er shall know,
On, still on, through farthest years,
All eternity can show,
Bright before thee now appears.

4 In thine all-embracing sight,
Every change its purpose meets,
Every cloud floats into light,
Every woe its glory greets.

5 Whatsoe'er our lot may be,
Calmly in this thought we'll rest,—
Could we see as thou dost see,
We should choose it as the best.

William Gaskell.

I3 Closing Hymn.

- 1 Father, now our prayer is said,
Lay thy hand upon our head:
Pleasures pass from day to day,
But we know that love will stay.
- 2 While we sleep it will be near;
We shall wake and find it here;
We shall feel it in the air,
When we say our morning prayer.
- 3 And when things are sad or wrong,
Then we know that love is strong;
When we ache, or when we weep,
Then we know that love is deep.
- 4 Love is old, and love is new;
Love outlasteth firm and true:
And the Lord who made it thus,
Did it in his love for us.

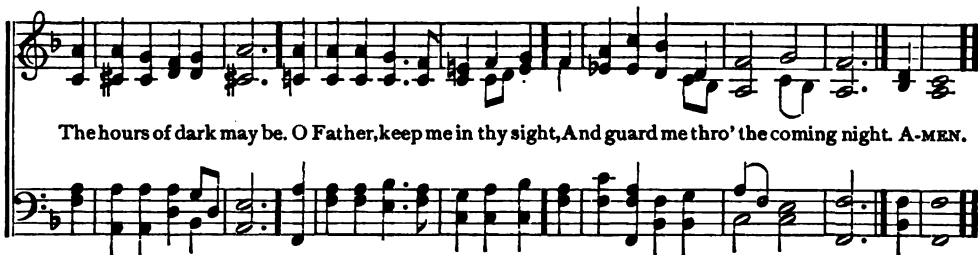
W. B. Rands.

I4 ST. ANATOLIUS. 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to thee! I pray thee that of - fenceless



The hours of dark may be. O Father, keep me in thy sight, And guard me thro' the coming night. A-MEN.

2 The joys of day are over:
 I lift my heart to thee;
 And call on thee that sinless
 The hours of gloom may be.
 O Father, make their darkness light,
 And guard me through the coming
 night!

3 The toils of day are over;
 I raise my hymn to thee,
 And ask that free from peril
 The hours of rest may be:

O Father, keep me in thy sight,
 And guard me through the coming
 night!

4 Be thou my soul's Preserver,
 O God! for thou dost know
 How many are the dangers
 Through which I have to go.
 O loving Father, hear my call,
 And guard and save me from them all.
 St. Anatolius. 8th Century. Tr. J. M. Neale.

The hill, though high, I covet to ascend,
 The difficulty will not me offend,
 For I perceive the way to life lies here.
 Come, pluck up, heart! let's neither faint nor fear!
 Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
 Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.

15 ST. LEONARD. C. M. Double.

HENRY HILES.

1. The shadows of the evening hours Fall from the dark'ning sky ; Up- on the fragrance of the flow'rs

The dews of evening lie : Be- fore thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day ;

slower.
Look on thy chil- dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - MEN.

2 Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart :
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ;—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

3 Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils, thou
Our trusting hearts defend ;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we labor, Lord,
Oh ! give us now repose !

Adelaide A. Proctor.

Our thought o'erflows each written scroll,
Our creeds arise and fall ;
The life of God within the soul
Lives and outlasts them all.

I6 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Now with cre - a - tion's morn - ing song Let us, as chil - dren of the day,

With wakened heart and pur - pose strong, The works of dark - ness cast a - way. A - MEN.

- 2 Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil!
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will. .
- 3 And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.
- 4 Grant us, O God, in love to thee,
Clear eyes to measure things below;
Faith, the invisible to see,
And wisdom, thee in all to know.

Roman Breviary.
Tr. Edward Caswall.

I7 *The Still Hour.*

- 1 Gently the shades of night descend;
Thy temple, Lord, is calm and still;
A thousand lamps of ether blend,
A thousand fires that temple fill.
- 2 Thou bidd'st the cares of earth depart;
Heaven's peace is wafted from above;
A sabbath stillness fills the heart,
Devotion's calm and holy love.
- 3 And man, even from the dust, may rise,
Borne on the pinions of thy grace,
Up to angelic mysteries,
And find in thee his resting-place.

Sir John Bowring.

I8 *Christianity.*

- 1 O fairest-born of Love and Light,
Yet bending brow and eye severe
On all which pains the holy sight,
Or wounds the pure and perfect ear!
- 2 Beneath thy broad, impartial eye,
How fade the lines of caste and birth!
How equal in their sufferings lie
The groaning multitudes of earth!
- 3 Still to a stricken brother true,
Whatever clime hath nurtured him;
As stooped to heal the wounded Jew
The worshipper of Gerizim.
- 4 In holy words which cannot die,
In thoughts which angels leaned to
know,
Christ gave thy message from on high,
Thy mission to a world of woe.
- 5 That voice's echo hath not died;
From the blue lake of Galilee,
From Tabor's lonely mountain-side,
It calls a struggling world to thee.

John G. Whittier.

19 GERMANY. L. M.

BEETHOVEN.

1. A - gain, as eve - ning's shad - ow falls, We gath - er in these hal - lowed walls;

And ves - per hymn and ves - per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air. A - MEN.

2 May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And strengthened here by hymn and
prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our Light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell!

S. Longfellow.

20 Evening Worship.

1 O Holy Father, 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We lift to thee our solemn psalm,
To praise thy goodness and thy power.

2 For over us, and over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend,
Nor vainly shall thy children call
On thee, their Father and their Friend.

3 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgiving to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars,—we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore.

4 In grief console, in gladness bless,
In darkness guide, in sickness cheer;
Till, perfected in righteousness,
Before thy throne our souls appear.

W. H. Burleigh.

21 At Nightfall.

1 O'er silent wood and lonely lawn,
Her dusky mantle night hath drawn;
At twilight's holy, heartfelt hour
In man his better self hath power.

2 The passions are at peace within,
And still each stormy thought of sin—
The yielding bosom, overawed,
Breathes love to man and love to God.

Translated from Goethe.

22 Parting Hymn.

To Innocents.

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Father, hear our humble prayer!
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep!

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain:
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again.

John Newton.

23 INNOCENTS. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Old French Melody.



- 2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, today,
May we stand and watch and pray.

24 *Eden.*

- 1 All before us lies the way;
Give the past unto the wind;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.
- 2 Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is less an ancient story told
Than a glowing prophecy.
- 3 In the spirit's perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.
- 4 When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,
Then all earth is sanctified,
Up springs Paradise around.
- 5 From this spirit land, afar,
All disturbing force shall flee;
Stir nor toil, nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

Eliza T. Clapp.

25 *The Decision.*

- 1 O my Father, never more
From thy ways that I depart,
Now my failing will restore,
Fix the purpose of my heart.
- 2 Ere another step I take
In my wilful, wandering way,
Still I have a choice to make:
Oh, decide my will today!
- 3 Patient love is waiting still
In my Father's heart for me,
Love to bend my froward will,
Love to make me really free.
- 4 Father, fast the moments flee:
Oh, decide my will to day!
Bind my heart to follow thee,
Ere the song has died away.

Hymns of the Spirit.

26 *The Upward Look.*

- 1 We were made for better things;
High as heaven our nature springs:
Like the lark that upward flies,
We were made to seek the skies.
- 2 We were made to love, revere
Him who made and placed us here;
Made to study and fulfil
All his good and holy will.

27 BELMONT. C. M.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. As dark - er, dark - er fall a - round The shad - ows of the night,

We gath - er here with hymn and prayer, To seek the Eter - nal Light. A - MEN.

2 Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

3 We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

4 For weary eyes and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fall'n,
We pray thee, God of love.

5 We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Hymns of the Spirit.

28 Kindly Judgment.

1 Think gently of the erring one;
Oh, let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

2 Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but fallen in the path
We have in weakness trod.

3 Speak gently to the erring ones!
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love
From misery's thorny track.

4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may'st be;
Deal gently with the erring heart,
As God hath dealt with thee.

Miss Fletcher.

29 The Right Must Win.

1 Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

2 He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

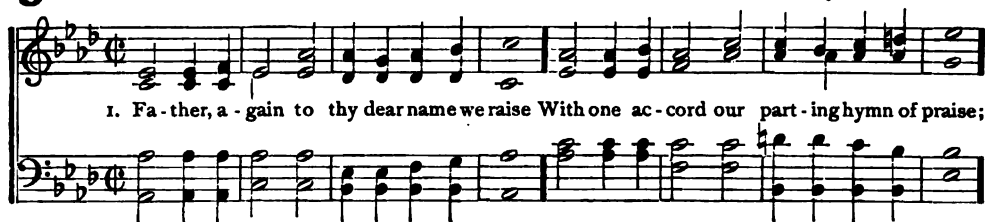
3 God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

4 Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

F. W. Faber.

30 ELLERS. 10, 10, 10, 10.

E. J. HOPKINS.



- 2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end, the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.
- 3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.
- 4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife;
Then when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace!

John Ellerton.

31

The Way, the Truth, and the Life.

- 1 O thou great Friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
And call thy brethren forth from want and woe!
- 2 We look to thee: thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.
- 3 Yes: thou art still the Life; thou art the Way
The holiest know, — Light, Life, and Way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.
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32 EVENTIDE. 10.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1861.

1. A - bid with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me a - bid.

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bid with me. A - MEN.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O thou, who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou the cross before my closing eyes!
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

Henry Francis Lyte.

33 MERRIAL. 6, 5, 6, 5.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . .

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky. A - MEN.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

- 2 Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.
- 3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.
- 4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;

- Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.
- 5 Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould

34 NUTFIELD. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.

W. H. MONK.

1. Through the love of God, our Fa - ther, All will be well; He his wand'ring flock will

gath - er, All will be well. Safe our path if God be guid - ing, In his sovereign

care con - fid - ing, Ev - er - more in him a - bid - ing, All, all is well. A - MEN.

- 2 Let no darkened skies appall us,
All will be well;
Nothing evil can befall us
All will be well.

- On our Shepherd's love relying,
He our every need supplying,
Or in living or in dying,
All, all is well.

From Amore Dei.

35 EVENSONG. 9, 8, 8, 7.

CARL REINECKE.

1. Now slum-ber the flowers in the gar-den, And si-lent the bird in its nest;
And all things be-neath the heavens Sink soft-ly now to their rest.
And all things be-neath the heavens Sink soft-ly now to their rest. A-MEN.

- 2 But, over us watching, the bright stars
Are singing their eternal song;
Which, echoed from infinite deeps,
Goes sounding the earth along.
- 3 The Lord, who from creation guided
Their wondrous and glittering host,
For thee he hath also provided,
For thee he careth the most.
- 4 Whose tenderness cares for the flower,
And shields the wild bird in its nest,
He also will keep thee with power,
Then sink thou, too, now to rest.

F. Oser. Tr. by C. W. Wendte.

36*The Holy Spirit.*

To Holley.

- 1 Holy Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.
- 2 Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;

By thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

- 3 Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire.
- 4 Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm the tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my troubled thoughts be still;
With thy peace my spirit fill.
- 6 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne:
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed. Samuel Longfellow.
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37 VESPER HYMN. 8, 7.

Russian Air.

1. Now, on sea and land de-scend-ing, Brings the night its peace profound: Let our ves-per

hymn beblending With the ho-ly calm around. Soon as dies the sun-set glory, Stars of heaven shine

out a - bove, Tell - ing still the an-cient sto-ry, Their Cre-a - tor's changeless love. A - MEN.

2 Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.

As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo! eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the Spirit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

38 HOLLEY. 7s.

GEORGE HEWS.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with thee. A - MEN.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

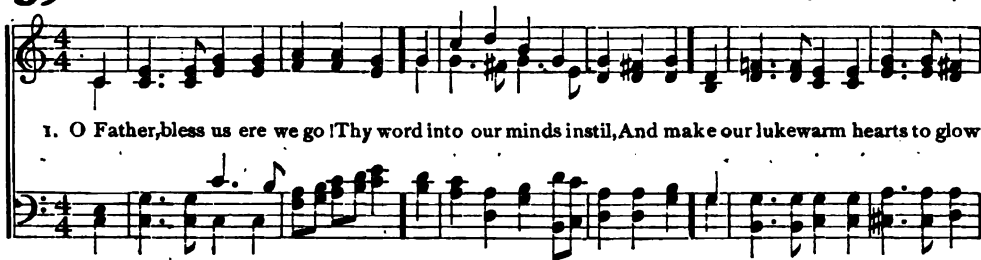
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall forever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

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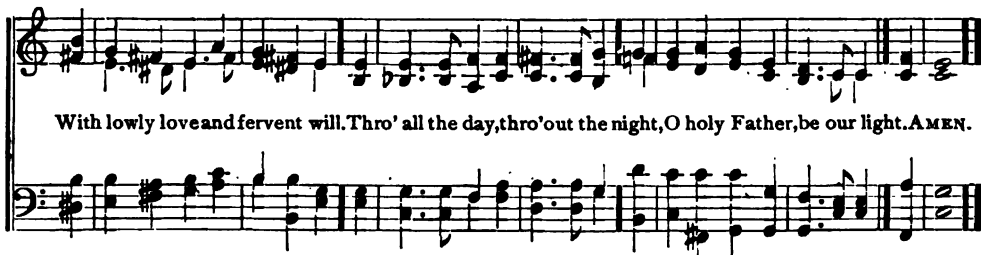
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39 MELITA. L. M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. O Father, bless us ere we go! Thy word into our minds instil, And make our lukewarm hearts to glow



With lowly love and fervent will. Thro' all the day, thro' out the night, O holy Father, be our light. AMEN.

2 The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through all the day, etc.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.
Through all the day, etc.

4 Do more than pardon,—give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty;
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.
Through all the day, etc.

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call:

Oh, let thy mercy make us glad!
Thou art our Father and our All!
Through all the day, etc.

Frederick W. Faber.†

40*Living to God.*

1 Oh, draw me, Father, after thee!
So shall I run and never tire;
With gracious words still comfort me
Be thou my hope, my sole desire:
Free me from every weight; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

2 From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued:
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side!

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.†

With wider view, come loftier goal!
With fuller light, more good to see!
With freedom, truer self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be!

Samuel Longfellow.

MORNING AND EVENING.

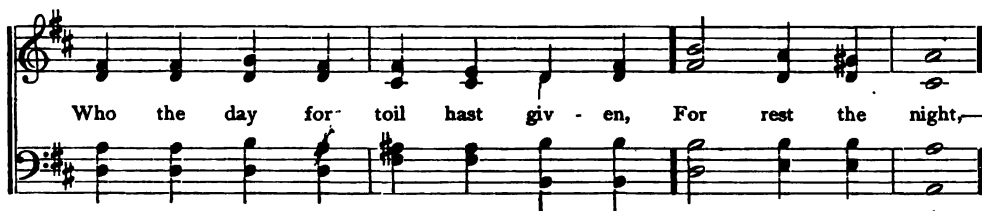
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41 TEMPLE. P. M

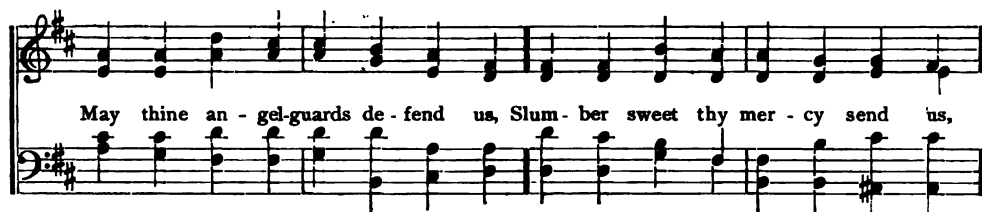
EDWARD J. HOPKINS.



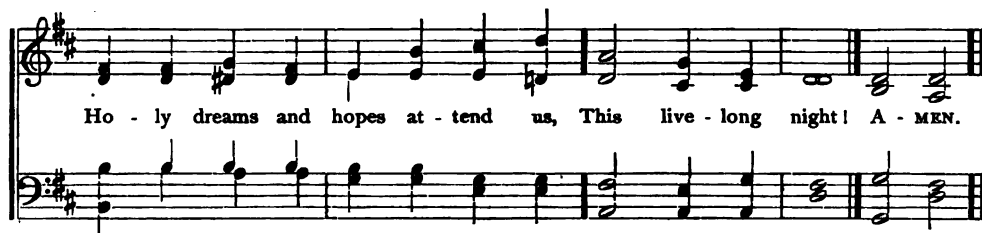
i. God, that mad - est earth and heav - en, Dark - ness and light,



Who the day for - toil hast giv - en, For rest the night,



May thine an - gel-guards de - fend us, Slum - ber sweet thy mer - cy send us,



Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night! A - MEN.

2 And when morn again shall call us
To run life's way,
May we still, whate'er befall us,
Thy will obey.
From the power of evil hide us,
In the narrow pathway guide us,
Nor thy smile be e'er denied us,
The livelong day.

3 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie!
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

Reginald Heber.
Richard Whately.

42 VENTNOR. 11, 10, 11, 10.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



1. Still, still with thee, when pur-ple morning break-eth, When the bird wak-eth and the shadows flee ;



Fair - er than morning, lov-lier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee ! AMEN,



May be sung also to Berlin.

- 2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 Still, still with thee ! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven.
- 4 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.
- 5 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee :
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee !

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

43 BERLIN. 11, 10, 11, 10.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Fa-ther, to us thy children, humbly kneeling, Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,

Gives such a force of ho-ly thought and feeling, That we may live to glo-ri-fy thy name. A-MEN.

- 2 That we may conquer base desire and passion,
That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
O'ercome the world's allurements, threat, and fashion,
Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.
- 3 Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed:
Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean;
Oh, speak the word, thy servants shall be healed!

James Freeman Clarke.

44*Patient, O Heart.*

- 1 Father, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.
- 2 When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—
Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.
- 3 Naught shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.
- 4 Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened furrows,
Where now he ploweth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. Hosmer.

45 NICAEA. Irregular.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be. A - MEN.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Reginald Heber.

46

The Eternal One.

- 1 Bring, O morn, thy music! Bring, O night, thy hushes!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Suns and stars are singing, Thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!
- 2 Life and death, thy creatures, praise thee, Mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast and bird and tree:
Lo! they praise and vanish, vanish at thy bidding,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!
- 3 Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!
- 4 Life nor Death can part us, O thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit yearning,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

William C. Gannett.

47 NUN DANKET. 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6.

JOHANN CRUGER.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hand and voi-ces: Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom his world re-joices; Who from our mother's arms Hath blessed us on our way
With count-ess gifts of love, And still is ours to-day. A - MEN.

2 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
We lift our hearts to him
Who reigns in highest heaven;
The one eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Martin Rinkart. 1644.
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

Of duty grown divine,
The restless spirit still;
Of sorrows taught to shine,
As shadows of thy will.

3 O God! the pure alone,—
E'en in their deep confessing,—
Can see thee as their own,
And find the perfect blessing:
Yet to each waiting soul
Speak in thy still, small voice,
Till broken love's made whole,
And saddened hearts rejoice.

James Martineau.

48 *The Inward Witness.*

1 "Where is your God?" they say:
Answer them, Lord most holy!
Reveal thy secret way
Of visiting the lowly:
Not wrapped in moving cloud,
Or nightly-resting fire;
But veiled within the shroud
Of silent, high desire.

2 Come not in flashing storm,
Or bursting frown of thunder:
Come in the viewless form
Of wakening love and wonder;—

49 *Prayer for Truth.*

1 Thy truth, O Lord, we seek,
In spirit meek and lowly;
To all who learn or teach
Give wisdom pure and holy.
In solemn awe we bend,
All wondering round thy throne,
And thee, our Lord, our Life,
Our Joy, our Gladness own.

Edward H. Plumptre.

50 NAAMAN. 10, 10, 61.

Arr. from M. COSTA.

1. E - ter - nal Ru - ler of the cease - less round Of circ - ling plan - ets

sing - ing on their way; Guide of the na - tions from the night pro - found

In - to the glo - ry of the per - fect day; Rule in our hearts that

we may ev - er be Guid - ed, and strengthened and upheld by thee. A - MEN.

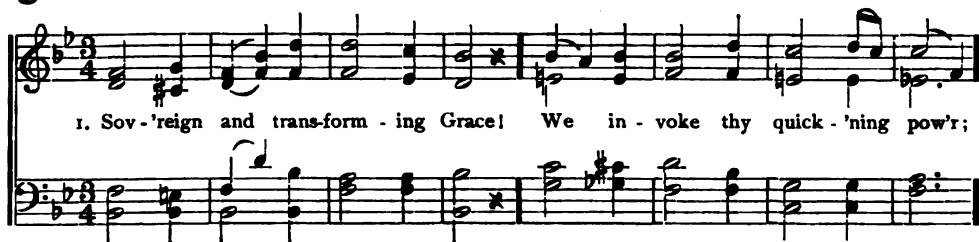
- 2 We are of thee, the children of thy love,
The brothers of thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as
one,—
As one with thee, to whom we ever
tend;
As one with him, our brother and our
friend.
- 3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet
and fair;
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into
prayer;

One in the power that makes thy chil-
dren free
To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

- 4 Oh, clothe us with thy heavenly armor,
Lord,
Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love
divine.
Our inspiration be thy constant word;
We ask no victories that are not thine.
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure
be,—
Enough to know that we are serving
thee.

51 LAST HOPE. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Arr. from GOTTSCHALK.



1. Sov-'reign and trans-form - ing Grace! We in - voke thy quick - 'ning pow'r;



Reign, the spir - it of this place; Bless the pur - pose of this hour. A - MEN.

- 2 Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.
- 3 Give the struggling peace for strife,
Give the doubting light for gloom;
Speed the living into life,
Warn the dying of their doom.
- 4 Work in all; in all renew
Day by day the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline!

Frederic Henry Hedge.

52 Engagedness in Devotion.

- 1 Lord, before thy presence come,
Bow we down with holy fear:
Call our erring footsteps home,
Let us feel that thou art near.
- 2 Wandering thoughts and languid powers
Come not where devotion kneels;
Let the soul expand her stores,
Glowing with the joy she feels.

- 3 At the portals of thine house,
We resign our earth-born cares:
Nobler thoughts our souls engross,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers.

John Taylor.

53

Mutual Love.

- 1 Father! we look up to thee;
Let us in thy love agree:
Thou who art the God of peace,
Bid contention ever cease.
- 2 Let us for each other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
Ready, when reviled, to bless;
Studious of the law of peace.
- 3 Father! all our souls inspire;
Fill us with love's sacred fire.
Guided by that blessed light,
Order all our steps aright.
- 4 Free from anger, free from pride,
Let us thus in thee abide;
All the depth of love express,
All the height of holiness.

C. Wesley.

54 ALL SAINTS. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

J. STAINER.

mf 1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it, by whose aid The world's foun - da - tions first were laid,

Come, vis - it ev - 'ry pi - ous mind; Come, pour thy joya on hu - man kind;

VOICES IN UNISON. HARMONY.

From sin and sor - row set us free, And make us tem - ples wor - thy thee. A - MEN.

2 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!

3 Refine and purge our earthly parts,
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts;
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

4 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
And, lest our feet should go astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Gregory the Great, A. D. 590. Tr. John Dryden.

55 Faith of Our Fathers.

1 Faith of our fathers, living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's
fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee too, as love knows
how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death.

F. W. Faber.

56 LOBET DEN HERRN. P. M.

1. { Praise ye the Lord, who is King of all pow - er and glo - ry. }
O my soul, praise him; for joy - ful it is to sing prais - es. }

Lift up the voice! Wake the sweet psalter and harp; Set holy mu - sic re - sound - ing. A-MEN.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord, who with majesty ruleth in all things;
Who thee preserves and upbears as on pinions of eagles;
Who thee upholds when by thyself thou wouldst fall.
Verily, hast thou not known it?
- 3 Praise ye the Lord, who prepareth thy way in his wisdom;
When thy strength faileth, he keepeth thy feet for his love's sake.
In what great need hath not the merciful God
Spread his wings over his children?

From Unity Festivals.

German.

57 GLORIA.

All glo - ry be to God most high, The high and ho - ly Fa - ther.

As it is now, Shall ev - er be And was in the be - gin - ning.

58 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

LOWELL MASON.

Our Fa-ther who art in heaven, hallow - ed be thy name, Thy kingdom come.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Lord's Prayer'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Our Fa-ther who art in heaven, hallow - ed be thy name, Thy kingdom come.'

Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our dai-ly bread;

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our dai-ly bread;'

and for - give us our tres-pass-es, as we for-give them that tres-pass a - gainst us.

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'and for - give us our tres-pass-es, as we for-give them that tres-pass a - gainst us.'

And lead us not in-to temp-ta-tion, but de-liv-er us from e-vil. Forthine is the

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'And lead us not in-to temp-ta-tion, but de-liv-er us from e-vil. Forthine is the'

kingdom, and the pow-er, and the glo-ry, for ev-er and ev-er. A - MEN.

The fifth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'kingdom, and the pow-er, and the glo-ry, for ev-er and ev-er. A - MEN.'

59 LYONS. 10, 11.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

1. Oh, worship the King, all-glorious a-bove! Oh, grateful-ly sing his pow'r and his love!
2. Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can-o-py space!

Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise. AMEN.
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can
recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the
light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to
the plains,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the
rains.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as
frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to
fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to
the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and
Friend!

Sir Robert Grant.

60 GOTTHEIL. HALLELUJAH.

From the Hebrew Ritual.

The Lord Al-might-y reign-eth: Hal-le-lu-jah! The Lord, the
Lord Al-might-y reign-eth: Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-
lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah!

61 ST. THEODULPH. 7, 6, 7, 6, D.

MELCHIOR TESCHNER, 1615.

1. { God is my strong sal - va - tion, What foe have I to fear? }
In dark - ness and temp - ta - tion, My light, my help, is near. }

Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm in the fight I stand;

What ter - ror can con - found me, With God at my right hand? A MEN.

- 2 Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery.

62*Ever with Me.*

Or to Webb.

- 1 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
At early dawn of day:
It is thy glory brighteneth
The upward streaming ray.
It calls me by its beauty
To rise and worship thee:

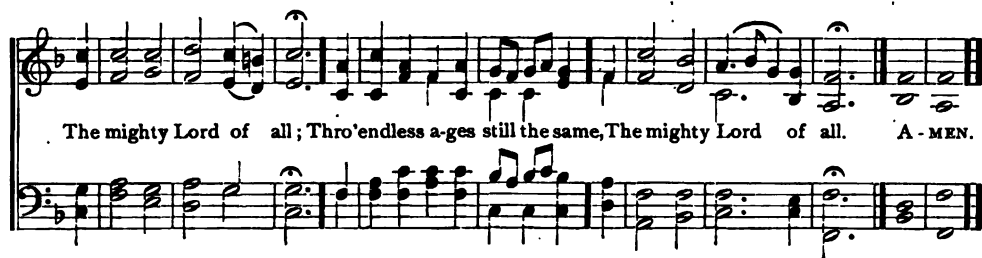
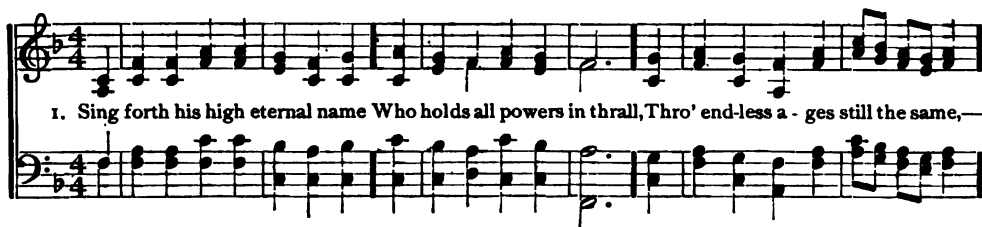
I feel thy glorious presence,
Thy face I may not see.

- 2 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
In changing scenes of life,
In loneliness of spirit,
In weariness of strife;
My sufferings, my comforts,
Alternate at thy will:
I trust thee, O my Father,—
I trust thee, and am still.
- 3 Thou'rt with me, O my Father,
In evening's darkening gloom:
When earth in night is shrouded,
Thy presence fills my room.
The trembling stars bring tidings
Of kindness from above:
I love thee, O my Father,
And feel that thou art love.

Jane Euphemia Saxby.

63 CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



- 2 His goodness strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
The loving Lord of all.
- 3 His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds,—
The saving Lord of all.
- 4 He every thought and every deed
Doth to his judgment call;
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous God of all.
- 5 When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise,—
The pardoning Lord of all.
- 6 Unwearied he is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The only Lord of all.

Samuel Longfellow.

64 *True Discipleship.*

- 1 O Love! O Life! our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As, thro' transfigured clouds of white,
We trace the noon-day sun,—
- 2 So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.
- 3 We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.
- 4 To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.
- 5 Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following thee.

John G. Whittier.

65 OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANCK, 1545.

1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;

Let the Re - deem - er's name be sung Thro' ev - 'ry land, by ev - 'ry tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
Isaac Watts, 1719.

5 Thy happy Gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the Everlasting Name.
William B. Randa.

66

A Doxology.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

67

Love and Law.

- 1 One Lord there is, all lords above,—
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.
- 2 But ah! to wrong what is his name?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun;
He is One Lord, the Holy One.
- 3 Lord of the Everlasting Name, [Flame!
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me?
- 4 If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that
hate, [Gate,—
And roam by night, and miss the

68

The Immanent God.

Or to Hursey, No. 251.

- 1 God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows
Through countless channels, Lord,
from thee.
- 2 It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs,
While from creation's radiant towers,
Its glory flames in stars and suns.
- 3 So, like the birds and streams and
flowers,
The life within us is divine; [powers,
Nor time, nor space, nor earthly
Man's God-like spirit can confine.
- 4 God of the granite and the rose,
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,
The mighty tide of being flows [thee.
Through all thy creatures back to
- 5 Thus round and round the circle runs,
A mighty sea without a shore;
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise thee evermore.

Elizabeth Doten. †

69 WILMOT. 8, 7.

C. M. VON WEBER, 1820.

1. Praise the Lord; ye heavens, a - dore him; Praise him, an - gels, in the height;
Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore him; Praise him, all ye stars of light. A - MEN.

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed:
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail:
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

John Kempthorne.

4 Hear our earnest supplication;
Every struggling heart release;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of untroubled peace!

Paul Gerhardt.
Samuel Longfellow.

70 *The Holy Spirit.*

1 Holy Spirit, source of gladness,
Come with all thy radiance bright;
O'er weariness and sadness
Breathe thy life and shed thy light!

2 Send us thine illumination,
Banish all our fears at length;
Rest upon this congregation,
Spirit of unfailing strength.

3 Let that love, which knows no measure,
Now in quickening showers descend,
Bringing us the richest treasure
Man can wish or God can send.

71 *Love, and Love Alone.*

1 God and Father, great and holy!
Fearing nought we come to thee;
Fearing nought, though weak and lowly,
For thy love has made us free.

2 By the blue sky bending o'er us,
By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel-chorus,
"Thou art Love, and Love alone."

3 Though the world in flames should
perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Love of thee our heart should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.

4 And though heavens thy name are
praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone,
Than the strain our hearts are raising,
"Thou art Love, and Love alone."

Frederick W. Farrar.

72 STRENGTH AND STAY. 11, 10, 11, 10.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Fa - ther, in thy mysterious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love ;

For we are weak, and need some deep revealing Of trust and strength and calmness from above. AMEN.

- 2 Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one ;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.
- 3 In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides ; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still !
- 4 Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love :
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Samuel Johnson.

73

Unfound, Unlost.

- 1 I cannot find thee ! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell :
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.
- 2 I cannot find thee ! E'en when most adoring
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back : thou art not there.
- 3 Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth : there, O God, thou art !
- 4 I cannot lose thee ! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam :
The law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home !

Eliza Scudder.

74 ST. PETER. C. M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

1. The Lord be with us as we bend His blessing to receive;

His gift of peace upon us send, Before his courts we leave. A - MEN.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest;
Be he of every heart the light;
Of every home the guest.

4 The Lord be with us through the hours
Of slumber calm and deep;
Protect our homes, renew our powers,
And guard his people's sleep.

John Ellerton.

3 Each action finds in thee its spring,
Each joy thy love makes bright,
Each footstep is thine ordering,
Each grief shines in thy light.

Thomas H. Gill.

75 *Need of Help.*

1 Not only for some task sublime
Thy help do I implore;
Not only at some solemn time
Thy holy spirit pour!

2 But for each daily task of mine
I need thy quickening power;
I need thy presence everywhere,
I need thee every hour.

76 *Walk in the Light.*

1 Walk in the light, so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Whodwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away,
Because that light hath on thee shone,
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene, and bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is Light.

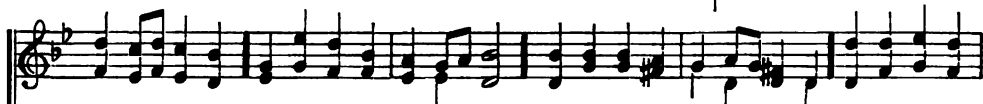
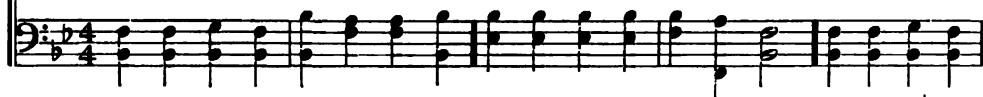
Bernard Barton.

77 BEECHER. 8, 7, D.

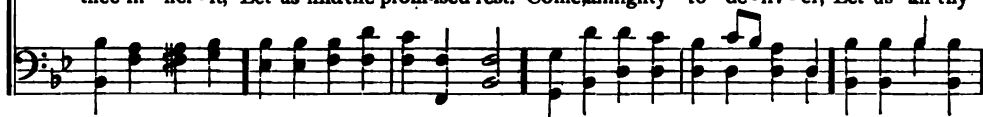
JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down! Fix in us thy
 2. Breathe, O breathethy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-'ry trou-bled breast; Let us all in



hum-ble dwelling. All thy faithful mer-cies crown. Father, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded
 thee in-her-it, Let us find the prom-ised rest. Come, almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all thy



love thou art; Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart. A - MEN.
 life re-ceive; Gra-cious-ly come down and nev-er, Never more thy temples leave.



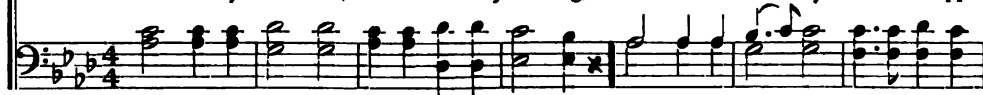
Charles Wesley. 1

78 INTEGER VITÆ. 11, 11, 11, 5.

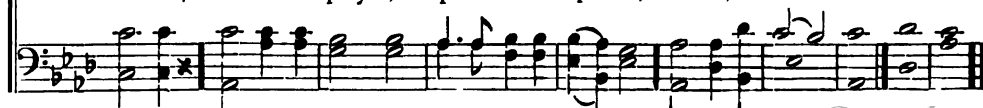
E. F. FLEMMING.



1. O Ho-ly Fa-ther, bless us with thy blessing, An-swer in love thy children's suppli-



ca-tion; Hear thou our pray'rs, the spoken and un-spok-en, Hear us, our Fa-ther! A-MEN.



79 PORTUGUESE HYMN. II.

JOHN READING.

1. The Lord is my shep-herd, no want shall I know: I feed in green pastures, safe
fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re-stores me when
wand'ring, redeems when oppressed, Restores me when wand'ring, Redeems when oppressed. AMEN.

- 2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear:
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction, my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head:
Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more?
- 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

To Integer Vita.

- 2 Shepherd of souls, who bringest all who seek thee
To pastures green, beside the peaceful waters;
Tenderest Guide, in ways of cheerful duty
Lead us, good Shepherd!
- 3 Giver of Joy, our feast of joy now hallow
To sacred mirth in thy all-loving kindness;
With thy own cheer crown thou the gladsome service
Giver of gladness!

Loammi J. Ware.

80

HOLLINGSIDE. 7. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Fa-ther, thy pa-ter-nal care Has my guardian been, my guide; Ev-'ry hallowed wish and pray'r

Has thy hand of love sup-plied: Thine is ev-'ry thought of bliss, Left by hours and

days gone by, Ev-'ry hope thy off-spring is, Beam-ing from fu-tur-i-ty. A-MEN.

- 2 Every sun of splendid ray;
Every moon that shines serene;
Every morn that welcomes day;
Every evening's twilight scene;
Every hour which wisdom brings;
Every incense at thy shrine,—
These, and all life's holiest things,
And its fairest,—all are thine.
- 3 And, for all, my hymns shall rise
Daily to thy gracious throne:
Thither let my asking eyes
Turn, unwearied, righteous One.
Through life's strange vicissitude,
There reposing all my care;
Trusting still, through ill and good,
Fixed and cheered and counselled
there.

Sir John Bowring.

81

Words.

- 1 In life's daily duties sow
Words of kindness as you go;

Scatter freely thoughts that bless
Where the thorns of sorrow press.
He who gives a smile shall see
Oft a weary soul set free.
Hearts are fields, and words are seeds
Springing into gracious deeds.

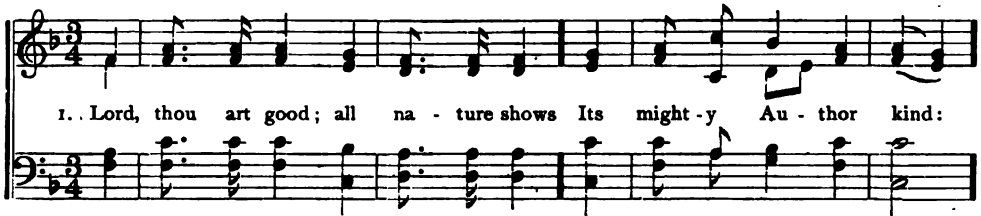
- 2 In life's daily duties sow
Words of truth, that all may know
What great progress lies in store,
As man claims it more and more.
Speak the brave word, have no fear;
Right is right, and God is near.
Lives are fields, and words are seeds
Springing into valorous deeds.

- 3 In life's daily duties sow
Words of wisdom; they shall show
How amid the shifting years
Soul grows strong, and will appears.
He who ripens on his way
Finds e'en now his harvest day.
Years are fields, and words are seeds
Springing into heavenly deeds.

Edward A. Horton.

82 ARLINGTON. C. M.

T. A. ARNE.



- 2 The whole in every part proclaims
Thy infinite good-will:
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from every hill.
- 3 We view it o'er the spreading main,
And heavens which spread more
wide;
It drops in gentle showers of rain,
And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Long hath it been diffused abroad,
Through ages past and gone;
Nor ever can exhausted be,
But still keeps flowing on.
- 5 Through the whole earth it pours
supplies,
Spreads joy through every part:
Oh, may such love attract my eyes,
And captivate my heart!
- 6 My highest admiration raise,
My best affections move;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise
And fill my heart with love!

Simon Browne.

83 Watchfulness.

- 1 I want a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to find it near.

- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wanderings of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

- 3 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God! my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

Charles Wesley.

84 Spirit of Jesus.

- 1 The voice of old by Jordan's flood,
Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.
- 2 And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way;
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of today.
- 3 Earnest of life for evermore,
That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear!
- 4 Spirit of Jesus, still speed on,—
Speed on thy conquering way;
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey.

F. L. Hosmer.

85 TE DEUM. C. M.

NICOLAUS HERMANN, 1560.

1. O God, we praise thee, and con - fess That thou the on - ly Lord And

Ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored! A - MEN.

- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,—
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey!
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,—
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty!

St. Ambrose, 380-90.
Tate and Brady, 1703.

86

God's Kingdom.

- 1 Thy kingdom come — on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have yearned to see
On earth that kingdom's day.
- 2 But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting right
The silent stars are strong.

- 3 And lo! already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear.
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
Proclaim the day is near!
- 4 The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed;
When justice shall be throned in might,
And every hurt be healed;
- 5 When knowledge hand in hand with
peace
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God!

Fred'k L. Hosmer.

87

Hail to the Light.

To Theodora.

- 1 Hail to thee! thou Hebrew youth,
Light of Life and Soul of Truth;
Bless the day that gave thee birth,
Bringing hope to all the earth!
- 2 Ruling all by serving all,
Sin and pain thou didst enthrall;
From the cross all dark with shame,
Breaks the splendor of thy name.
- 3 Be our eyes unsealed to see
Ourselves glorified in thee;
Seeing thee, divinely fair,
All shall then thy likeness bear.

PRAISE AND PRAYER.

41

88 THEODORA. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Arr. from GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Life of A - ges, rich - ly poured, Love of God, un - spent and free,

Flow - ing in the proph - et's word And the peo - ple's lib - er - ty! A - MEN.

2 Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

3 Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

4 Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track;
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

5 Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty!

Samuel Johnson.

2 Praise him, all ye host above,
Ever bright and fair in love!
Sun and moon, uplift your voice;
Night and stars, in God rejoice.

3 Chant his honor, ocean fair!
Earth, soft rushing through the air;
Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
Rain and snow, his praise perform.

4 Let the blossoms of the earth
Join the universal mirth;
Birds, with morn and dew elate,
Sing with joy at heaven's gate.

5 Warriors fighting for the Lord,
Prophets burning with his word,
Men and women, young and old,
Raise the anthem manifold;

89 "Praise Ye the Lord."

1 Let the whole creation cry,
Glory to the Lord on high!
Heaven and earth, awake and sing,
"God is good, and therefore King."

6 And let children's happy hearts
In this worship bear their parts:
Holy, Holy, Holy One,
Glory be to God alone!

Stopford A. Brooke.

90 SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7. Italian Melody.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless-ing, Hope and com - fort from a - bove;

{ Let us each, thy peace pos - sess-ing, Tri - umph in re - deem-ing love; }
 { Still sup - port us, still sup - port us, While in - du - ty's path we move. } A - MEN.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For the gospel's joyful sound:
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound:
 May thy presence
 With us evermore be found!

Walter Shirley. 1774.

91 Upward and Onward.

- 1 We the weak ones, we the sinners,
 Would not in our poorness stay;
 We the low ones would be winners
 Of what holy height we may:
 Ever nearer
 To thy pure and perfect day.
- 2 Shall things withered, fashions olden,
 Keep us from life's flowing spring?
 Waits for us the promise golden,
 Waits each new diviner thing.
 Onward, onward:
 Why this faithless tarrying?
- 3 By each saving word unspoken;
 By thy truth, as yet half won;
 By each idol yet unbroken;
 By thy will, yet poorly done;
 Hear us, hear us,
 Thou Almighty! help us on.
- 4 Nearer to thee would we venture,
 Of thy truth more largely take,

Upon life diviner enter,
 Into day more glorious break,
 To the ages
 Fair bequests and costly make.

Thomas H. Gill.

92 Strong in God. To "Italy."

- 1 Strong in the living God,
 Strong for his work and word,
 Be every heart;
 Strong for the true and right,
 Strong for the Christian fight,
 Strong with celestial might
 To do our part.
- 2 May the quick word of God,
 By which the true have trod
 In virtue strong,
 Abide in us with power,
 Guiding in every hour,
 Making each soul a tower
 'Gainst Sin and Wrong.
- 3 So may we overcome
 All wrong in heart, in home,
 In country dear;
 Loyal to truth and love,
 May we our manhood prove,
 Trusting in God above
 With heart sincere.

William P. Tilden

93 ITALY. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, ♯.

FELICE GIARDINI, 1760.

1. Come, thou Al - might - y King! Help us thy name to sing; Help us to praise!

Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days! A - MEN.

- 2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend!
Come, and thy children bless;
Give thy good word success;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

- 3 Never from us depart;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore.
Thy sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Anon.

94 *Divine Light.*

- 1 Come, Light serene and still!
Our darkened spirits fill
With thy clear day:
Guide of the feeble sight,
Star of grief's darkest night,
Reveal the path of right,
Show us thy way!

Hymns of the Spirit.

95 *Let there be Light.*

- 1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray;
And where the Truth's pure day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

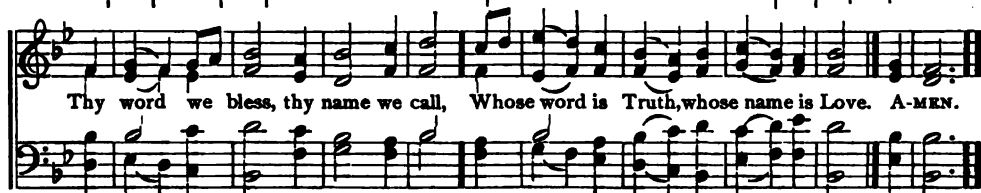
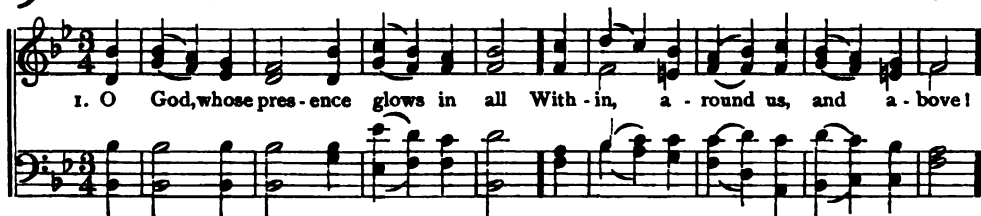
- 2 Thou, who dost come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
Oh, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

- 3 Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,—
Speed on thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!

John Marriott.

96 ALL SAINTS. WAREHAM. L. M.

W. KNAPP.



2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace
received,—
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with
thee.

4 Send down its angel to our side;
Send in its calm upon the breast:
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham.

97 *Universal Worship.*

1 O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of Hebrew bards was
strung,
Whom kings adored in song sublime,
And prophets praised with glowing
tongue! —

2 Not now on Zion's height alone
Thy favored worshipper may dwell;
Nor where, at sultry noon, thy son
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

3 From every place below the skies,
The grateful song, the fervent
prayer—
The incense of the heart — may rise
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

4 O Thou to whom, in ancient time,
The lyre of prophet-bards was
strung! —
To thee, at last, in every clime,
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

John Pierpont.

98

God in All.

1 God of the earth, the sky, the sea,
Maker of all above, below,
Creation lives and moves in thee,
Thy present life through all doth flow.

2 Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
On the bare hills or cultured plains,
In every flower beneath our feet,
And e'en the still rock's mossy stains.

3 Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds
blow,
There is thy power; thy law is there.

4 We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night;
And, when the morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, "Let there be
light."

5 But higher far, and far more clear,
Thee in man's spirit we behold;
Thine image and thyself are there —
The Indwelling God, proclaimed of
old.

99

A Morning Hymn.

To All Saints.

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 3 By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 4 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall
wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 5 Lord, I my vows to thee renew:
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and
will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 6 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

To Old Hundred, No. 65.

- 7 Praise God from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Angels and saints his name adore
With praise and joy forevermore.

Thomas Ken.†

100 *An Independent and Happy Life.*

To All Saints.

- 1 How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill;

- 2 Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;
- 3 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend.
- 4 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

101 *For Manliness and Freedom.*

To All Saints.

- 1 Supreme and universal Light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Parent of good! whose blessings flow
On all above, and all below:
- 2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What nature and thy laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 3 Our moral freedom to maintain,
Bid passion serve, and reason reign,
Self-poised and independent still
On this world's varying good or ill.
- 4 No slave to profit, shame, or fear,
Oh, may our steadfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heaven,—an upright heart,
Above the mean disguise of art!
- 5 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

- 6 O Father, grace and virtue grant!
No more we wish, no more we want:
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

Henry Moore.

102 WEBB. 7, 6, D.

G. J. WEBB.

1. The light pours down from heaven, And en-ters where it may; The eyes of all earth's children
Are cheered with one bright day. So let the minds true sunshine Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill men' wait-ing spir - its As wa - ters fill the sea. A - MEN.

- 2 Then let each human spirit
Enjoy the vision bright;
The truth which comes from heaven
Shall spread like heav'n's own light;
Till earth becomes God's temple,
And every human heart
Shall join in one great service,
Each happy in his part.

From the German.

103 *Lo! He Cometh.*

- 1 God comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
He comes to break oppression,
And set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

- 2 He shall come down as showers
Upon the thirsty earth;
And joy and hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth.

Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

- 3 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
His great, best name of Love.

James Montgomery.†

104 *Close of Worship.*

- 1 To thee, the Lord Almighty,
Our noblest praise we give,
Who all things hast created,
And blestest all that live:
Whose goodness, never failing
Through countless ages gone,
For ever and for ever
Shall still keep shining on.

William Gaskell.

105 *A Hymn of Praise.*

To Webb.

1 To thee, O God, we offer
Our joyful songs of praise,
To thee the bounteous Giver,
And Guardian of our days!
Again we meet to thank thee,
To raise our grateful prayer:
Our hearts are filled with gladness
For thy most tender care.

2 Oh, give us needful courage,
To boldly face all sin!
Help us to spread thy gospel,
Till all are gathered in.
The faith we cherish deeply,
May we with zeal impart,
Oh, plant its living power
In every beating heart!

3 Guard thou our lives, we pray thee,
From sin and error's ways;
Show us the path of duty,
And guide us all our days.
May youth and age so serve thee,
Thou God of watchful love,
That all, when life is ended,
Shall dwell with thee above.

William H. Baldwin.

106 *For Others' Sake.*

To Webb.

1 Were men to one another
As kind as God to all,
Then no man on his brother
For help would vainly call.
On none for idle wasting
Would honest labor frown;
And none, to riches hasting,
Would tread his neighbor down.

108 *THY WILL BE DONE.*

Sing the first "Thy Will be Done," to end with.

The musical score is written for a choir or solo voice, featuring a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with some words in parentheses indicating alternative phrasings or vocalizations.

1. "Thy will be done!" (In devious way the) life may run; (Yet still our grate- "Thy will be done!"
2. "Thy will be done!" (hurrying stream of) prosp'rous sun, (ful hearts shall say) "Thy will be done!"
3. "Thy will be done!" (If o'er us shine a) path with gloom (This pray'r will) "Thy will be done!"
(gladdening and a) (One comfort, one is) (make it more divine, "Thy will be done!"
(Though shrouded) (ours: — to breathe, (while we adore, "Thy will be done!"
(o'er our

2 No man enough possesses
Until he has to spare;
Possession no man blesses
While self is all his care.
For blessings on our labour,
O, then, in hope we pray,
When love unto our neighbor
Is ripening every day.

T. T. Lynch.

107 *Our Country.*

To Webb.

1 "O, Beautiful, my country!"
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair freedom's open door!

2 For thee our fathers suffered;
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright;
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingle flows in thine.

3 O, Beautiful, our country!
'Round thee in love we draw;
Thine be the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy scepter,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem!

Frederick L. Hosmer.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

109 CREATION. L. M. D.

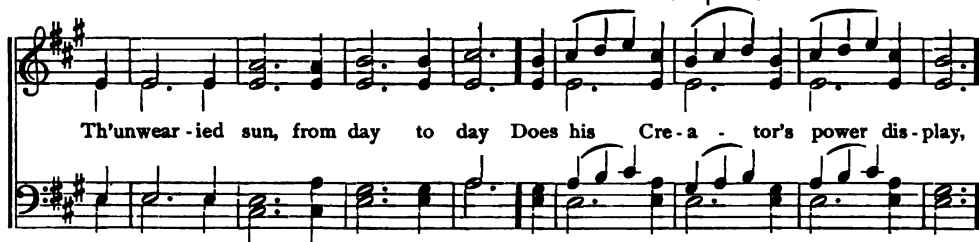
JOSEPH HAYDN.



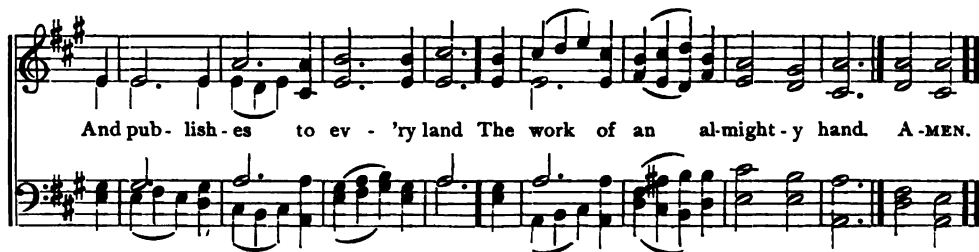
1. The spa-cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - rial sky,



And span-gled heav'ns, a shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.



Th'unwear - ied sun, from day to day Does his Cre - a - tor's power dis - play,



And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry land The work of an al-might - y hand. A - MEN.

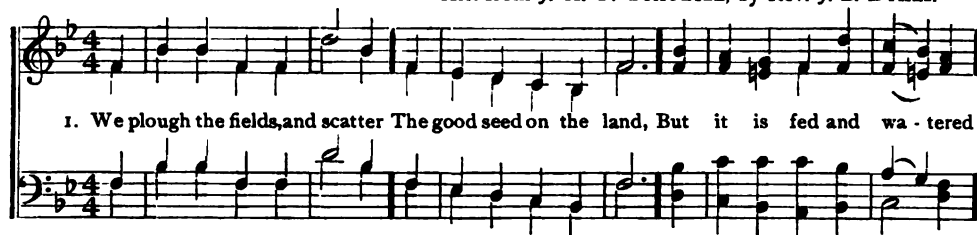
2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

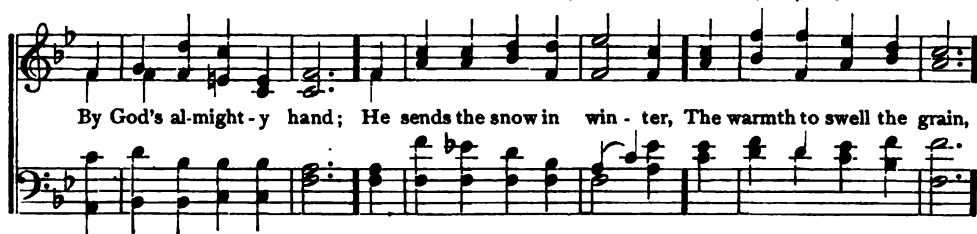
Joseph Addison.

110 WIR PFLUEGEN. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 8, 4.

Arr. from J. A. P. SCHULTZE, by Rev. J. B. DYKES.



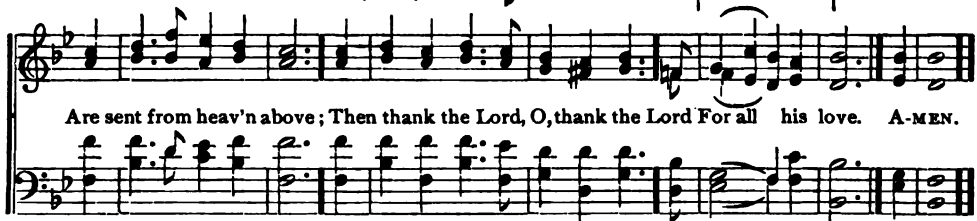
1. We plough the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa - tered



By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,



The breez-es and the sun-shine, And soft, re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a - round us



Are sent from heav'n above; Then thank the Lord, O, thank the Lord For all his love. A-MEN.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above; [Lord
Then thank the Lord, O, thank the
For all his love.

3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
For all thy love imparts,
And,—what thou most desirest,—
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above: [Lord,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the
For all his love!

M. Claudius, 1782; tr. Jane M. Campbell.

III ST. ANSELM. 7, 6, D.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. He hides within the li - ly A strong and ten - der care, That wins the earth-born at - oms

To glo - ry of the air; He weaves the shining garments Un - ceas - ing - ly and still,

A - long the qui - et wa - ters, In nich - es of the hill. A - MEN.

- 2 We linger at the vigil
 With him who bent the knee
 To watch the old-time lilies
 In distant Galilee;
 And still the worship deepens,
 And quickens into new,
 As brightening down the ages
 God's secret thrilleth through.

- 3 O Toiler of the lily,
 Thy touch is in the Man!
 No leaf that dawns to petal
 But hints the angel-plan.
 The flower-horizons open!
 The blossom vaster shows!
 We hear thy wide worlds echo,—
 See how the lily grows!

- 4 Shy yearnings of the savage,
 Unfolding thought by thought,
 To holy lives are lifted,
 To visions fair are wrought;
 The races rise and cluster,
 And evils fade and fall,
 Till chaos blooms to beauty,
 Thy purpose crowning all!

William C. Gannett.

III 2*Invocation.*

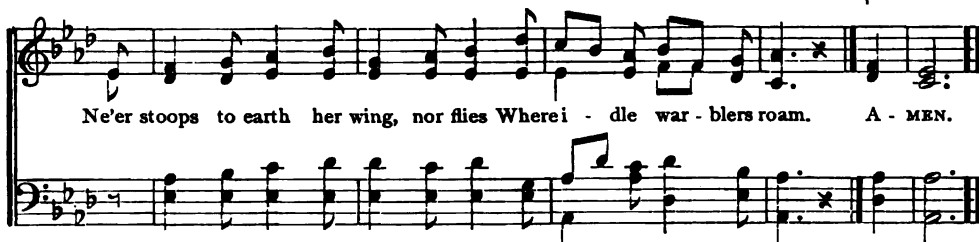
- 1 Before thy love unbounded,
 O, Lord of Love, we bow;
 And, offspring of thy Spirit,
 Implore its presence now.
 The gift of life how wondrous!
 How bountiful and free!
 The gifts which thou hast given,
 We render, Lord, to thee.

II3 PINION. C. M.

Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.



1. The bird let loose in east - ern skies, Re - turn - ing fond - ly home,



Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Wherei - dle war - blers roam. A - MEN.

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, Lord, from every snare
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To urge my course to thee.

4 No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings!

Thos. Moore.

2 And prayer is made, and praise is given
By all things near and far:
The ocean looketh up to heaven
And mirrors every star;

3 The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine:
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

4 The blue sky is the temple's arch;
Its transept, earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

II4 Nature's Worship.

1 The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

5 So Nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began;
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

John G. Whittier.

To St. Anselm.

2 By laws sublime and holy
The heavens thy will perform;
And earth-born powers obey thee,
Alike in calm or storm.
Beyond our mortal shadows
Thy light and mercy shine;
Withholding or unfolding,
Thy work is all divine.

3 Were thine unclouded glory,
To eye of flesh made known,
We could not bear the brightness;
We walk by faith alone.
O Lord, with thee communing,
May holier vision grow,
Until thy love unchanging,
Illumine all we know.

Theodore C. Williams.

115 SPRINGTIDE. 7, 6, D.

AGATHON BILLETER.

1. Come, sing with ho - ly glad-ness, High al - le - lu - ias sing: Lift up your hearts and
 voi - ces, With new a - wakened spring. Sing, youths and gen - tle maid - ens, Your
 hymn of praise to - day, With old men and with children, In sweet according lay. A-MEN.

- 2 The time of resurrection!
 Earth sings it all abroad,—
 The passover of gladness,
 The passover of God!
 The sign of life eternal
 Is writ on earth and sky,
 The Hope forever vernal,
 Of Life the victory.
- 3 Now let the heav'ns be joyful,
 The seas their bright waves swell,
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 With all that therein dwell.
 Now let the seen and unseen
 In one glad anthem blend:
 Let all our hearts be risen
 To life that hath no end.

John of Damascus.

Tr. J. M. Neale and Samuel Longfellow.

116*Summer.*

To Stanton.

- 1 Summer suns are glowing
 Over land and sea,
 Happy light is flowing
 Bountiful and free.
 Everything rejoices
 In the mellow rays,
 All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.
 O Almighty Father, etc.
- 2 God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And his banner gleameth
 Everywhere unfurled.
 Broad and deep and glorious
 As the heaven above,
 Shines in might victorious
 His eternal Love.
 O Almighty Father, etc.

W. W. How.

II 7 STANTON. 6, 5, D.

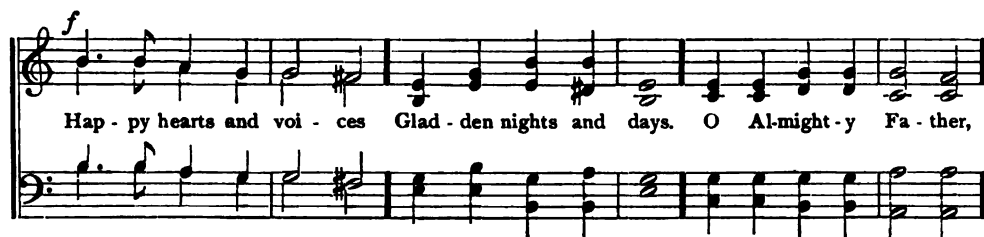
A. W. HAMILTON-GELL.



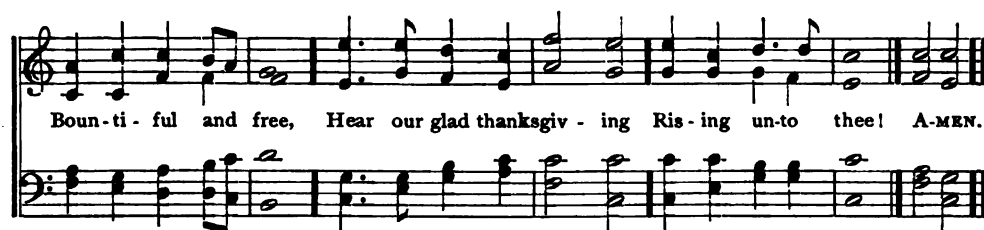
1. Earth be-low is teem-ing, Heav'n is bright a-bove; Ev-'ry brow is beam-ing



In the light of love; Ev-'ry eye re-joice, Ev-'ry thought is praise,



f Hap-py hearts and voi-ces Glad-den nights and days. O Al-might-y Fa-ther,



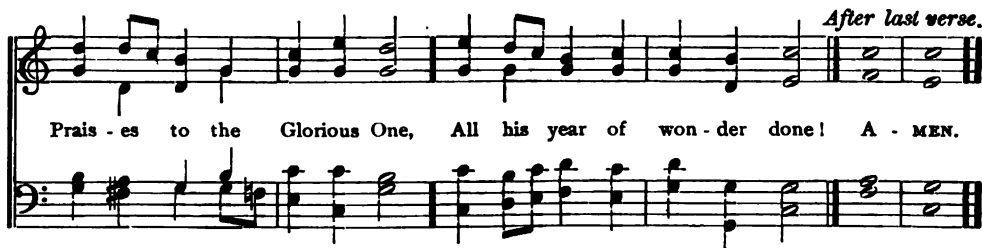
Boun-ti-ful and free, Hear our glad thanksgiv-ing Ris-ing un-to thee! A-MEN.

2 Every youth and maiden
On the harvest plain,
Round the wagons laden
With their golden grain,
Swell the happy chorus
On the autumn air,
Unto him who o'er us
Bends with constant care.
O Almighty Father, etc.

3 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and summer knew;
For the golden autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors,
O Almighty Father, etc.

118 MONKLAND. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Art. by JOHN B. WILKES.



- 2 Praise him for his budding green,
April's resurrection-scene;
Praise him for the shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers!
 - 3 Praise him for his summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain:
Praise him for his tiny seed,
Holding all his world shall need!
 - 4 Praise him for his garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit:
Praise for hills and valleys broad,—
Each the Table of the Lord!
 - 5 Praise him, too, for snowy rest,
Falling soft on Nature's breast;
Praise for happy dreams of birth
Brooding in the quiet earth!
 - 6 For his year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-Glorious One!
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing
Praise and love and thanksgiving!
- Wm. C. Gannett.

- 2 Once again the word comes true,
Lo, he maketh all things new.
Now the dark cold days are o'er,
Light and gladness are before.
- 3 How our hearts leap with the spring!
How our spirits soar and sing!
Light is victor over gloom,
Life triumphant o'er the tomb.
- 4 Change, then, mourning into praise,
And, for dirges, anthems raise!
All our fears and griefs shall be
Lost in immortality.

Samuel Longfellow.

120 *Self-Dedication.*

To Ward.

119 *Resurrection.*

- 1 Lo, the earth is risen again
From the winter's bond and pain!
Bring we flower and leaf and spray
To adorn our holiday.

- 1 May I resolve with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord,
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 2 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
- 3 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

121 WARD. L. M.

Old Scotch Melody. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



1. Our God is good: in earth and sky, From o - cean depths and spread-ing wood,
Ten thousand voi - ces seem to cry, "God made us all, and God is good." A - MEN.

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

3 I hear it in the rushing breeze:
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

4 Yea, God is good, all nature says,
By God's own hand with speech
endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

5 For all thy gifts we bless thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening
word:
These prompt our song, that God is
good.

Eliza Follen and J. H. Gurney.

122 *God in All.*

1 There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that
glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of the Deity.

2 There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,

And meekly wait the moment when
Thy touch shall make all bright again.

3 The heavens, the earth, where'er I look,
Shall be one pure and shining book,
Where I may read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

Thomas Moore.

123 *Dwelling in God.*

1 O Source divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!
Thy depth would every heart appal
That saw not love supreme in thee.

2 We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal
brood;
We know thee truly but in this,
That thou bestowest all our good.

3 And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O, grant us still in thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well!

4 Nor let thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide;
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From thee, our nature's only guide.

5 Bestow on every joyous thrill
Thy deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

124 DELIVERANCE. C. M. D.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. O thou, who art of all that is Beginning both and end, We follow thee thro' unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend; Thy judgments are a might- y deep Be- yond all fath- om- line;
Our wis- dom is the child- like heart; Our strength, to trust in thine. A - MEN.

- 2 We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath;
For hopes that blossom here below,
And wither not with death;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
The darkness of our sin.
- 3 Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed;
Be thou by day our strength for toil,
And thou by night our rest!
And when these earthly dwellings fail,
And Time's last hour is come,
Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
And our eternal home!

Fred'k L. Hosmer.

125 *O That I Knew Where I
Might Find Him.*

- 1 Go not, my soul, in search of him,
Thou wilt not find him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
And waiteth to be known.

- 2 Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin:
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.
And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine!

- 3 O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place
And be thy daily Friend!
Then go not thou in search of him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim
And thou shalt find him there!

Digitized by Fred'k L. Hosmer.

126 HOSMER. 6, 6, 4, D.

CHAS. W. WENDTE.

1. The rose is for a day, The li - ly fades a - way In one short noon; The

sudden blush of dawn, The cloudless face of morn, Pass all too soon, Pass all too soon. A-MEN.

- 2 The lark's song in the sky,
The thrush's soft reply,
Die with the flower;
Things that immortal seem
Are dreams about a dream,
Gone in an hour.
- 3 It is the soul that gives
Life unto all that lives,
Sun-ray or song;
The beauty of the hour,
The glory and the power,
To her belong.
- 4 Though form and fashion pass
As light winds in the grass,
As ebbing tides,
Fixed in enduring state,
With power to re-create,
The soul abides.
- 5 Bring, death, thy wint'ry blight,
The darkness of the night
That hath no star!
'Tis not of life the length,
It is the depth and strength
Eternal are!

R. H. U. Bloor.

127 *Peace on Earth.*

To Deliverance.

- 1 It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold:

"Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all-gracious King."
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!
- 4 For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

128 ST. AGNES. C. M.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES.

1. One thought I have, my ample creed, So deep it is and broad,
And e - qual to my ev - 'ry need,— It is the thought of God. A - MEN.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.</p> <p>3 At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.</p> <p>4 I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.</p> <p>5 To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.</p> <p>6 Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God!</p> | <p>2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.</p> <p>3 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent;
Those talents only well employed
When in thy service spent.</p> <p>4 And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No: let me bless thy name, and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."</p> |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

James Montgomery.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

129 All Prayers in One.

- 1 One prayer I have,— all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly thine:
Thy will, my God, thy will be done;
And let that will be mine.

130 The Bond of Love.

- 1 Beneath the shadow of the Cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,
His blessed word of love.
- 2 O bond of union, strong and deep!
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.
- 3 Then Jesus, be thy spirit ours;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow.

131 MANOAH. C. M.

Arranged from ROSSINI.

1. O thou, in all thy might so far, In all thy love so near, Be - yond the
range of sun and star, And yet be - side us here: A - MEN.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 What heart can comprehend thy name,
Or, searching, find thee out?
Who art, within, a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about.</p> <p>3 Lord, though we know thee but in part,
We ask not now for more:
Enough for us to know thou art,
To love thee and adore!</p> <p>4 Oh, sweeter than all else besides,
The tender mystery,
That like a veil of shadow hides
The light we may not see!</p> <p>5 And dearer than all things we know
The childlike faith shall be,
That makes the darkest way we go
An open path to thee.</p> | <p>3 And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—
O love of God most strong!</p> <p>4 The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,—
O love of God most kind!</p> <p>5 And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O love of God to thee!</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

Eliza Scudder.

132 *The Manifold Grace of God.*

- 1 Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—
O love of God most free!
- 2 When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow,—
O love of God most wise!

133 *God is Love.*

- 1 Immortal Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea!
- 2 Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above;
But love alone knows whence it came
And comprehendeth love.
- 3 The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

John G. Whittier.

I 34 AMES. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8.

Adapted from a German Choral.

C. W. W.

1. I look to thee in ev - 'ry need, And nev - er look in vain; I
 feel thy touch, E ter - nal Love, And all is well a - gain: The thought of
 thee is might - ier far Than sin and pain and sor - row are. A - MEN.

- 2 Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears,
 I sink beside the road;
 But let me only think of thee,
 And then new heart springs up in me.
- 3 Thy calmness bends serene above,
 My restlessness to still;
 Around me flows thy quickening life,
 To nerve my faltering will;
 Thy presence fills my solitude;
 Thy providence turns all to good.
- 4 Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
 Held in thy law, I stand;
 Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in thy hand;
 Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

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Samuel Longfellow.

135 TOPLADY. 7, 61.

Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges! shel - ter me! Let me stay my - self on thee!
 D. C. Save me in the e - vil hour! Keep me, O E - ter - nal Pow'r!

When the bil - lows o'er me roll, When temp - ta - tions sweep my soul, A - MEN.

2 Naught have I to offer thee;
 All I have thou gavest me.
 All my best desires are thine;
 Mine the sin, and only mine.
 Thou who didst my life create,
 Thou wilt save me from my fate!

3 All in vain with sin I strive,
 Till thy will my will revive.
 Find, O Father, find thy child
 Wandering in the desert wild;
 Let thy love upon me shine;
 Stir me with thy love divine!

4 When I fail of mortal breath,
 When my powers sink in death,
 Then, Almighty to sustain,
 Let not all my hope be vain;
 Let me rise from that dread sea,
 Rock of Ages, stayed on thee!

Anon.

136 *Prayer for the Spirit.*

1 Gracious spirit, dwell with me;
 I myself would gracious be,
 And, with words that help and heal,
 Would thy life in mine reveal;
 And with actions bold and meek
 Christ's own gracious spirit speak.

2 Truthful spirit, dwell with me;
 I myself would truthful be,
 And with wisdom kind and clear
 Let thy life in mine appear;
 And with actions brotherly
 Follow Christ's sincerity.

3 Silent spirit, dwell with me;
 I myself would quiet be,
 Quiet as the growing blade
 Which through earth its way has made;
 Silently, like morning light,
 Putting mists and chills to flight.

4 Mighty spirit, dwell with me;
 I myself would mighty be,
 Mighty so as to prevail
 Where unaided man must fail;
 Ever by a mighty hope
 Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy spirit, dwell with me;
 I myself would holy be;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good;
 And whatever I can be
 Give to him who gave me thee.

Thomas Toke Lynch.

I37 HERVEY. 7, 7, 7, 6.

F. A. J. HERVEY.

Voices in unison.

1. When the world a-round us throws All its proud de- ceiv - ing shows,

Yet the heart no dan - ger knows; Help us, Lord, most ho - ly. A - MEN.

2 Blind, we pray thee we may see;
Bound, we strive to be made free;
Stained, we long for sanctity;
Help us, Lord, most holy!

3 By the joys that look above,
By the pains our faith to prove,
By the conquering power of love;
Help us, Lord, most holy.

4 To our baser self to die,
Low desires to crucify,
And to set our hearts on high;
Keep us, Lord, most holy.

5 Thus to do thy will below,
Daily in thy grace to grow,
More and more thy love to know;
Help us, Lord, most holy!

From Amore Dei.

I38 ELTON. 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

F. C. MAKER.

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man-kind, For-give our fe-verish ways; Re-clothe us in our

right-ful mind; In pur - er lives thy ser - vice find, In deep - er rev'rence praise. A - MEN.

I 39 CRUSADE. 6, 6, 6, 4, D.

BRAUN, 1675.

I. Come, Ho - ly One, in love De - scend - ing, like the dove, Shed on us

from a - bove Thine own bright ray! Di - vine - ly good thou art;

Thy sa - cred gifts im - part, To glad - den each sad heart; O come to - day! A - MEN.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
Enter each longing breast
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noon-tide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene and still,
Brightening our every ill,
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast.
We know no dawn but thine,
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls now shine,
And make us blest!

From the Latin of King Robert of France. 1031.

To Elton.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love.

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our striving cease; [stress,
Take from our souls the strain and
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

5 Breathe through the pulses of desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and
fire,
O still small voice of calm!

John G. Whittier.

I40 AMSTERDAM. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6.

JAMES NARES.

1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace; } Sun and moon and stars de-cay,
 { Rise, from transitory things, Toward heaven, thy native place: }

Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away, To seats prepared a - bove. A-MEN.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source:
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Robert Seagrave.

I41 The Still, Small Voice.

- 1 Open, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice;
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 The comfort of thy voice;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place;
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of thy grace!
- 2 From the world of sin and noise
 And hurry, I withdraw;
 For the small and inward voice
 I wait with humble awe:
 Silent am I now and still;
 Dare not in thy presence move;
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of thy love!

Charles Wesley.

I42 The Salvation of God.

To Greenville.

- 1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes, and fond desires,
 Here our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes;
 Mercy from above proclaiming,
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation?
 Every pure and humble mind,
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refined:
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still thy providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to thy laws,—
 Lord, with favor still attend us;
 Bless us with thy wondrous love;
 Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
 All our hope is from above.

John Taylor.

I43 GREENVILLE. 8, 7. D.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

1. Peace be to this con-gre-gation! Peace to ev-'ry heart therein! Peace, the earn-est

of salvation; Peace, the fruit of conquered sin; Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver; Peace, to worldly

minds unknown; Peace, that floweth, as a riv-er, From th' eter-nal Source a-lone. A - MEN.

1 O thou God of Peace, be near us,
 Fix within our hearts thy home;
 With thy bright appearing cheer us,
 In thy blessed freedom come.
 Come with all thy revelations,
 Truth which we so long have sought;
 Come with thy deep consolations,
 Peace of God which passeth thought!

Charles Wesley.
 Samuel Longfellow.

There's a kindness in his justice,
 Which is more than liberty.
 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind,
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

2 But we make his love too narrow
 By false limits of our own;
 And we magnify his strictness
 With a zeal he will not own.
 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take him at his word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

I44 "The Works of His Hands are
 Verity and Wisdom."

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea;

I45 WOOLWICH. S. M.

CHAS. E. KETTLE.

1. At first I prayed for Light: Could I but see the way,

How glad - ly, swift - ly would I walk To ev - er - last - ing day! A - MEN.

2 And next I prayed for Strength:
That I might tread the road
With firm unfaltering feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

3 And then I asked for Faith:
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

4 But now I pray for Love:
Deep love to God and man;
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan.

5 And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening everywhere!
God only waited for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

Mrs. E. D. Cheney.

I46 *For Ever with the Lord.*

1 For ever with the Lord!
Amen, so let it be:
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from thee I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's house on high!
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!

4 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

5 And then I feel that he,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive him not.

6 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.

James Montgomery.

I47 *Heaven on Earth.*

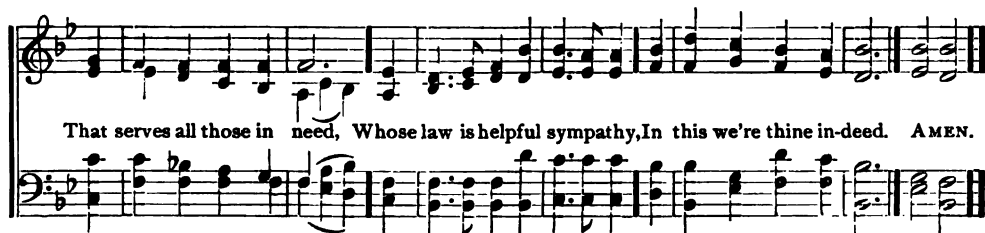
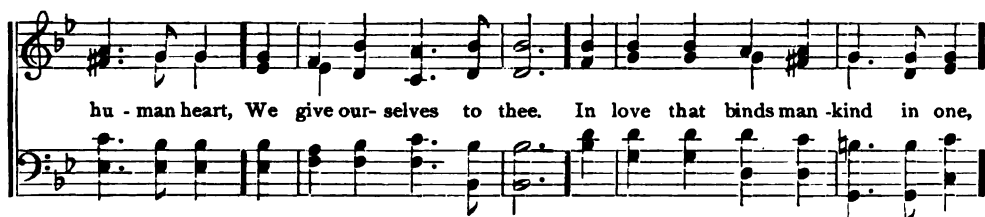
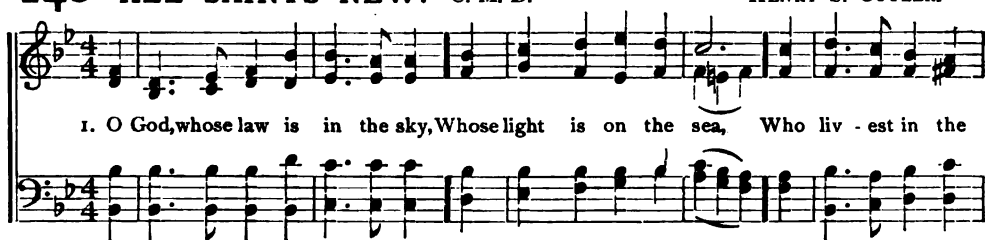
1 Thou whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery
And hear'st the mourner's call;

2 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace;
And heaven on earth be won.

Emily Taylor.

I48 ALL SAINTS NEW. C. M. D.

HENRY S. CUTLER.



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2 In fearless world-wide search for truth,
 Whatever form it wear,
 Or crown, or cross, or fame, or blame,
 We thine ourselves declare.
 To truth, to love, to duty, then,
 Wherever we may be,
 We give ourselves! and doing this,
 We give ourselves to thee.

Minot J. Savage.

2 Oh, broader than her wide domains
 Be her designs divine;
 And richer than her golden veins
 Her charities benign;
 Firmer than buttressed mountain-
 tower
 Her fixed faith in thee;
 Her triumphs nobler through thy power
 Than gain on land or sea!

I49 *Our Country for the World.*

1 Our country for the world! we sing,
 But in no worldly way;
 Our country to the Lord we bring,
 And for her fervent pray: [pure;
 God make her true; God make her
 God make her wise and good;
 And through her may the Christ make
 sure
 Man's world-wide Brotherhood.

3 Fair day of God, speed on, speed on!
 Let truth and peace and love,
 By patriot hearts for earth be won,
 Like as in heaven above.
 America! America!
 'Gainst wrong thy might be hurled;
 For thee we lift our fervent prayer;
 Our country for the world!

Dennis Wortman.

I50 ST. EDMUND. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais - eth me;

Still all my song would be, Nearer, my God, to thee; Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! A - MEN.

2 Though, like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to thee,—
Nearer to thee!

Sarah Flower Adams.

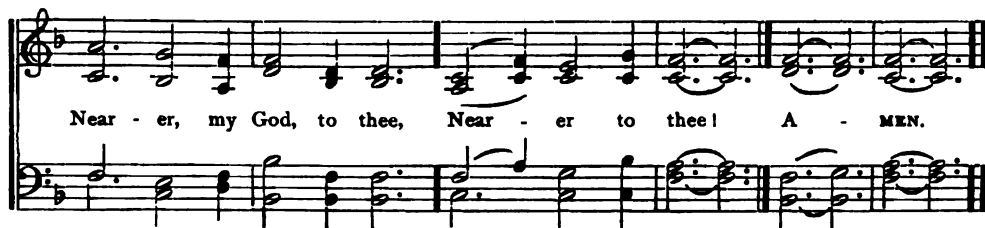
Arranged by LOWELL MASON.

BETHANY. 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en though it be a cross

That rais - eth me: Still all my song would be, Near - er, my God, to thee;

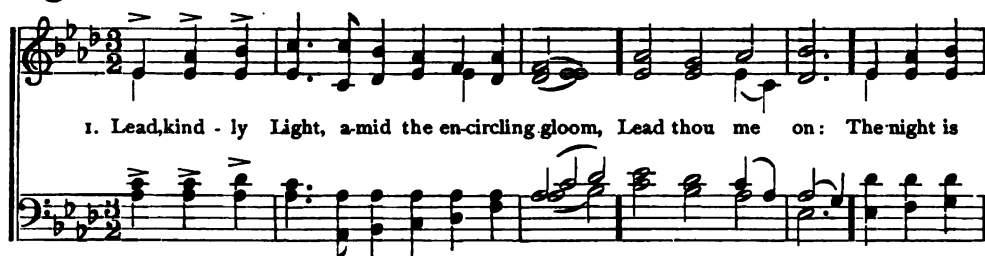
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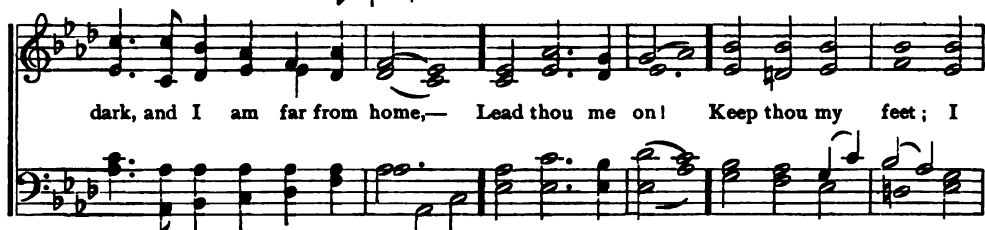
Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! A - MEN.

151 LUX BENIGNA. 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.

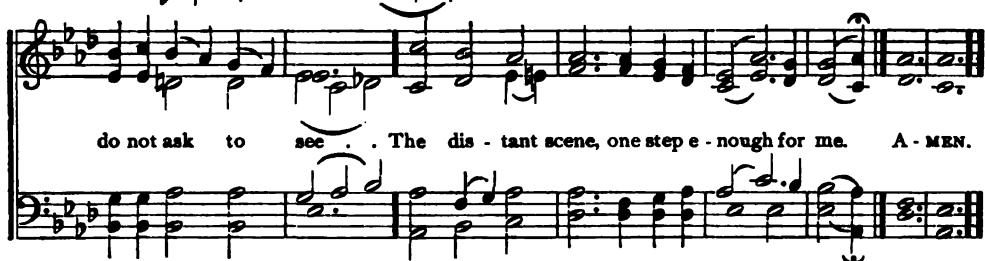
J. B. DYKES.



1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a-mid the en-circling gloom, Lead thou me on: The night is



dark, and I am far from home,— Lead thou me on! Keep thou my feet; I



do not ask to see . . The dis - tant scene, one step e - nough for me. A - MEN.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but
now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of
fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not
past years.

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure
it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-
rent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces
smile
Which I have loved long since, and
lost awhile!

John Henry Newman.

I52 PLEYEL. 7. 7. 7. 7.

IGNAZ PLEYEL.

1. Hu - man soul, to whom are giv'n Ho - ly hungerings af - ter heav'n,
Faith-ful to the end en - dure; Makethy heav'n-ly call - ing sure. A - MEN.

- 2 God, to keep thee safe from harms,
Spreads his everlasting arms;
Feeds with secret strength divine,
Waits to whisper, thou art mine.
- 3 Gently will he lead the weak;
Bruised reeds he ne'er will break;
He will bless thee with his peace,
Fill with all his righteousness.

Wesley's Hymns.

I53 To the Prodigal Son.

- 1 Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother: homeward come.
- 2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother: God can save.
- 3 Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee: God will make thee whole.
- 4 Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear,
Seek him while he may be found,
Call upon him,—he is near.

James Freeman Clarke.

I54 Higher Life.

- 1 When across the inward thought
Comes the emptiness of life,
And it seems that earth has nought
But a vain and weary strife;
- 2 All to do, and nothing done;
Useless days fast fleeting by;
Wanderings many, progress none;
Faltering steps by fountains dry,—
- 3 Shall we, in that hapless mood,
Fainting, fall beside the way?
Help us, Giver of all good;
Teach thy weary ones to pray.
- 4 Oh, forgive our faithless mind;
Raise us from our low estate;
Breathe in us the will to find
Higher life in small and great!

H. G. Tomkins.

I55 Love's Command.

- 1 Ah! how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth love's command;
'Tis the heart and not the brain,
To the highest doth attain.
- 2 He that follows love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest;
Ah! how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth love's command.

Henry W. Longfellow.

I56 CHATHAM. SEYMOUR. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Arranged from WEBER.

1. Thirst - ing for a liv - ing spring, Seek - ing for a high - er home,
Resting where our souls must cling, Trust - ing, hop - ing, Lord, we come. A - MEN.

- 2 Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that thou art near;
Father, then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.
- 3 Life's hard conflict we would win,
Read the meaning of life's frown;
Change the thorn-bound wreath of sin
For the spirit's starry crown.
- 4 Make us beautiful within
By thy spirit's holy light;
Guard us when our faith is dim.
Father of all love and might!

Frank P. Appleton.

In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place, for me.

- 4 See! my Father waiting stands;
See! he reaches out his hands;
God is love: I know, I see
There is love for me,—e'en me.

Samuel Longfellow.

I58

The Soul.

- 1 What is this that stirs within,
Loving goodness, hating sin,
Always craving to be blest,
Finding here below no rest?
- 2 What is it? and whither, whence,
This unsleeping, secret sense,
Longing for its rest and food
In some hidden, untried good?
- 3 'Tis the soul,—mysterious name;
Him it seeks from whom it came:
While I muse, I feel the fire
Burning on, and mounting higher.
- 4 Onward, upward, to thy throne,
O thou Infinite, Unknown!
Still it presseth, till it see
Thee in all, and all in thee.

William H. Furness.

I57 "Father, I Have Sinned."

- 1 Love for all! and can it be?
Can I hope it is for me?
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam!
- 2 I, who spurned his loving hold;
I, who would not be controlled;
I, who would not hear his call;
I, the wilful prodigal!
- 3 To my Father can I go? —
At his feet myself I'll throw:

I59 HANFORD. 8, 8, 8, 4.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. My God, my Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - MEN.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What thought in lonely grier I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive would I still reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what is thine:
"Thy will be done."

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest;
My God, to thee I leave the rest:
"Thy will be done."

Charlotte Elliot.

I60 Awake to Duty.

To Stockwell.

- 1 All around us, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around us clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.
- 2 Thankfully we will rejoice in
All the beauty God has given;
But beware it does not win us
From the work ordained of heaven.

3 Following every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart,
Let us in life's earnest labor
Still be sure to do our part.

4 Now, today, and not tomorrow,
Let us work with all our might,
Lest the wretched faint and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Anon.

I61 Live for Something.

To Stockwell.

- 1 Live for something; be not idle;
Look about thee for employ;
Sit not down to useless dreaming,
Labor is the sweetest joy.
- 2 Folded hands are ever weary,
Selfish hearts are never gay;
Life for thee hath many duties,
Active be, then, while you may.
- 3 Scatter blessings on your pathway,
Gentle words and cheering smiles;
Better far than gold and silver,
Are their grief-dispelling wiles.
- 4 As the pleasant sunshine falleth
Ever on the grateful earth,
So let sympathy and kindness
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Digitized by Google Anon.

I62 STOCKWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7.

D. E. JONES.

1. God is love; his mer-cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss he wakes and woe he light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - MEN.

- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness
streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

I63 *He Careth for Us.*

- 1 Yes, for me, for me he careth
With a father's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.
- 2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth
From the perils of the way.
- 3 Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;

And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

- 4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;
I in him, and he in me:
And my empty soul he filleth,
Here and through eternity.

Horatius Bonar.

I64 *The Lord Our Strength.*

- 1 Father, hear the prayer we offer!
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.
- 2 Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.
- 3 Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay;
But would smite thy living fountains
From the rocks along our way.
- 4 Be our strength in hours of weakness;
In our wanderings, be our guide;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side!

Mrs. L. M. Willis.

165 ST. CUTHBERT. 8, 6, 8, 4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere he breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,
A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed, With us to dwell. A-MEN.

- 2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless, too.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.
- 4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms
each fear,
And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.
- 6 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee!

Harriet Auber.

166 Blessed are They that Mourn.

To Hamburg.

- 1 Deem not that they are blest alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep:
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 Oh, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night!
And grief may bide, an evening guest;
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

William C. Bryant.

167*Abstinence.*

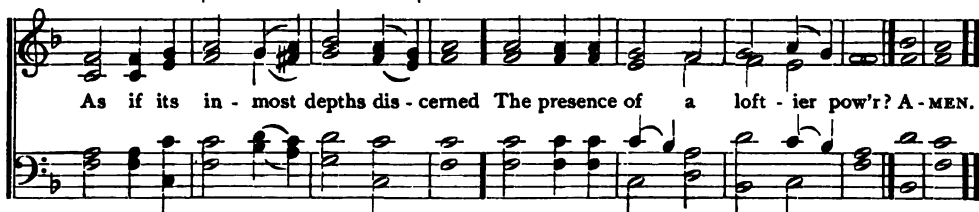
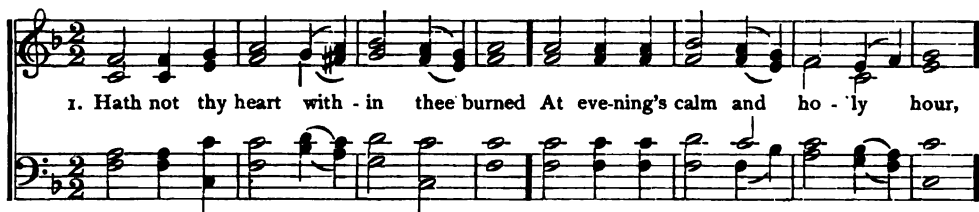
To Hamburg.

- 1 Slavery and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl!
Softer than silk are iron chains
Compared with those that chafe the
soul.
- 2 Hosannas, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring
For happier homes and brighter days!

Anon.

I68 HAMBURG. L. M.

Arr. from Gregorian Tone I. by LOWELL MASON.



- 2 Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?
- 3 And, as upon some storied page
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee
burned?
- 4 It was the voice of God that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.
- 5 Voice of our God, oh, yet be near!
In low, sweet accents whisper peace;
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings
cease.
- 3 Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds
of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.
- 4 Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

John G. Whittier.

I70 The Call to Duty.

- 1 Abide not in the realm of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.
- 2 Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands:
From duty's claims no life is free,—
Behold, today hath need of thee!
- 3 The present hour allots thy task:
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust his love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.
- 4 While the day lingers, do thy best!
Full soon the night will bring its rest;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

I69 Old and New.

- 1 Oh, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal
Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.
- 2 That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

William H. Burleigh.

I71 PILGRIM. 8, 7.

ART. from MOZART.

1. Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin and fear and care;

8: Joy to find, in ev - 'ry sta - tion, Some - thing still to do or bear.
Think what Je - sus did to win thee. Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine?

Think what spir - it dwells with - in thee; Think what Fa - ther's smiles are thine; A - MEN.

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed with faith and winged with
 prayer,
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
 God's own hand shall guide thee
 there.
 Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
 Henry Francis Lyte.

Still thine arm has been around me,
 All my paths were in thy sight.

2 In the world will foes assail me,
 Craftier, stronger far than I;
 But thine aid will never fail me,
 While on thee I shall rely.
 Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
 Thou canst give the power I need!
 Through the prayer of faith receiving
 Strength,—the Spirit's strength in -
 deed.

I72 Dedication to God.

1 Holy Father, thou hast taught me
 I should live to thee alone;
 Year by year, thy hand hath brought
 me
 On through dangers oft unknown.
 When I wandered, thou hast found
 me,
 When I doubted, sent me light;

3 I would trust in thy protecting,
 Wholly rest upon thine arm,
 Follow wholly thy directing,
 Thou mine only guard from harm!
 Keep me from mine own undoing,
 Help me turn to thee when tried;
 Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
 Keep me ever at thy side!

Anon.

I73 VARINA. C. M.JOHANN C. H. RINK.
Arr. by GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT.

1. { O God, unseen, but ev-er near, Our blessed rest art thou ; } All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
And we, in love that hath no fear, Take refuge with thee now.

And weary with the way ; We seek thy shelter from the heat And burden of life's day. A - MEN.

- 2 Oh, welcome in the wilderness
The shadow of thy love ;
The stream that springs our thirst to
bless,
The manna from above !
Awhile beside the fount we stay
And eat this bread of thine,
Then go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.
Samuel Longfellow.

I74 *Quicken Me, O Lord.*

- 1 Come, mighty Spirit, penetrate
This heart and soul of mine ;
And my whole being with thy grace
Pervade, O Life divine !
As the clear air surrounds the earth,
Thy grace around me roll ;
As the fresh light pervades the air,
So pierce and fill my soul.
- 2 As from the clouds drops down in love
The precious summer rain,
So from thyself pour down the flood
That freshens all again.
Thus life within our lifeless hearts
Shall make its glad abode ;
And we shall shine in beauteous light,
Filled with the light of God.

Horatius Bonar.

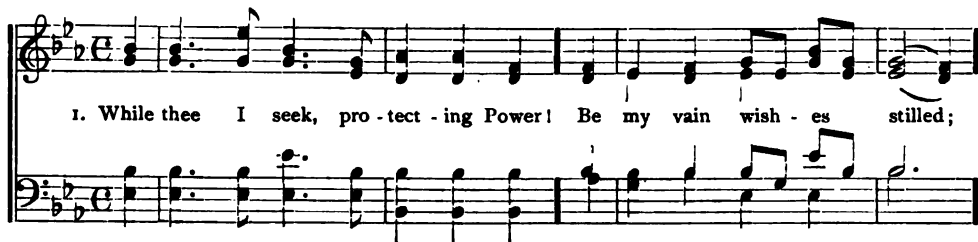
I75 *The Secret Place.*

- 1 The Lord is in his Holy Place
In all things near and far :
Shekinah of the snow-flake, he,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April-land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold him through the hours.
- 2 He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best ;
The smiles and tones that make our
homes
Are shrines by him possessed ;
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought :
We find him not by seeking long,—
We lose him not, unsought :
- 3 Our art may build its Holy Place,
Our feet on Sinai stand,
But Holiest of Holies knows,
No tread, no touch of hand ;
The listening soul makes Sinai still
Wherever we may be,
And in the vow, " Thy will be done !"
Lies all Gethsemane.

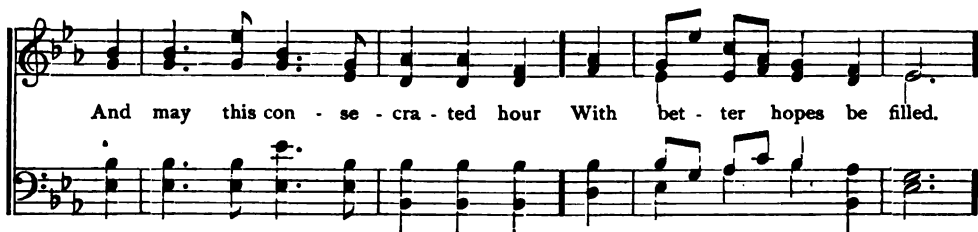
William Channing Gannett.

I76 BRATTLE ST. C. M. D.

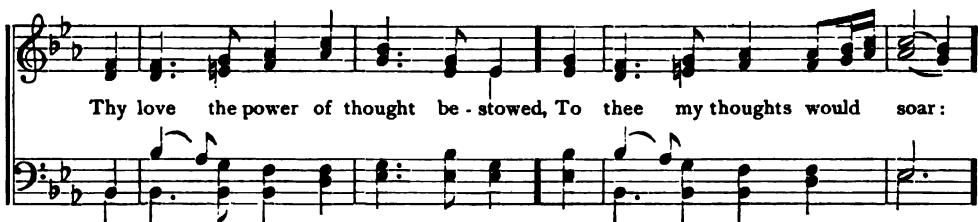
PLEVEL.



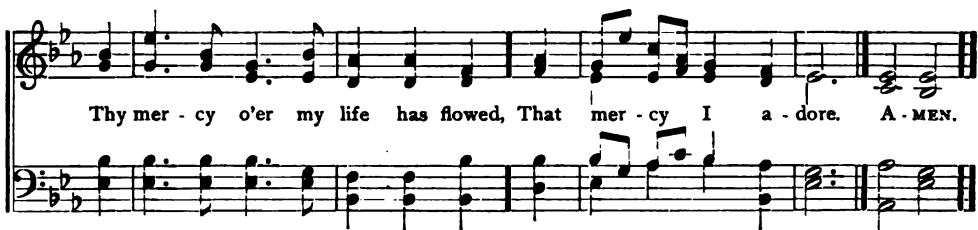
1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power! Be my vain wish - es stilled;



And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.



Thy love the power of thought be - stowed, To thee my thoughts would soar:



Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed, That mer - cy I a - dore. A - MEN.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favor'd hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The lowering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

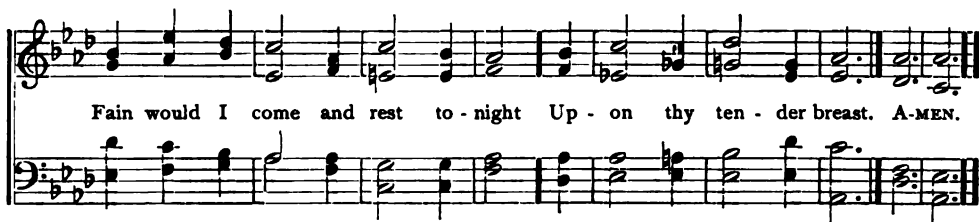
Helen Maria Williams.

I77 BEATITUDO. C. M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. O Love di - vine, of all that is The sweet - est still and best,



Fain would I come and rest to - night Up - on thy ten - der breast. A-MEN.

2 I pray thee turn me not away,
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest everything I need
And all my need of thee.

3 And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray [love,
That thou shouldst seek me with thy
Since thou dost seek alway?

4 And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to thee,
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

5 Still, still thy love will beckon me
And still my strength will come,
In many ways, to bear me up
And bring me to my home.

6 And thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.

7 I pray not, then, because I would;
I pray because I must;
There is no meaning in my prayer
But thankfulness and trust.

8 I would not have thee otherwise
Than what thou ever art;
Be still thyself, and then I know
We cannot live apart.

John W. Chadwick.†

I78 *Invoking God's Aid.*

1 Father in heaven! to whom my heart
Would lift itself in prayer:
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

2 Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord;
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

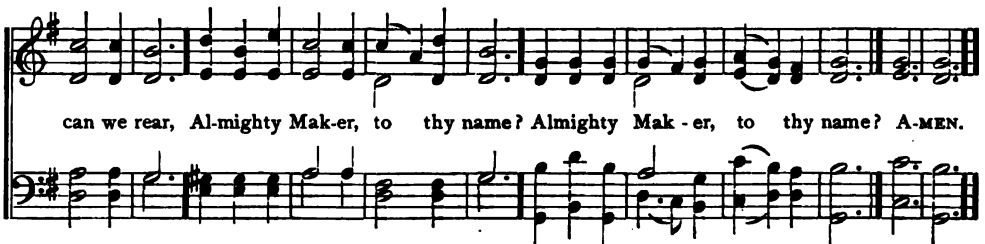
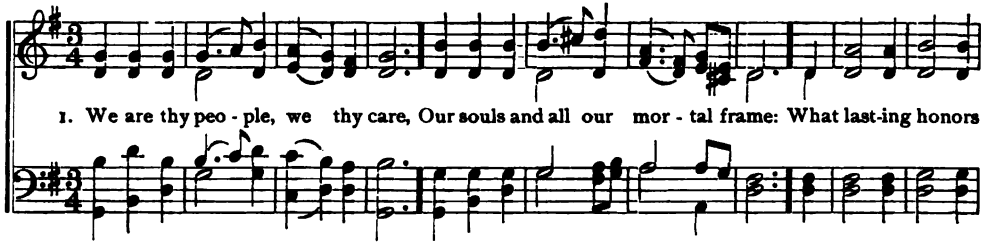
3 Oh, help me break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown,
Each passion of my heart subdued,
Each darling sin disown!

4 O Father, kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name.

William Henry Furness.

I79 PARK STREET. L. M.

Arr. from FREDERICK M. A. VENUA.



2 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs!
 High as the heavens our voices raise!
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding

3 Wide as the world is thy command!
 Vast as eternity thy love!
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move!

Isaac Watts.

4 Beat on, my heart; and grow not old!
 And when thy pulses all are told,
 Let me, though working, loving still,
 Kneel as I meet my Father's will.

Mrs. L. J. Hall.

I80 *Brightening Skies.*

1 Never, my heart, wilt thou grow old!
 My hair, be white; my blood run cold;
 And one by one, my powers, depart!
 But youth sits smiling in my heart.

2 Downhill the path of age! O, no:
 Up, up, with patient steps I go;
 I watch the skies fast brightening there,
 I breathe a sweeter, purer air.

3 Beside my road small tasks spring up,
 Though but to hand the cooling cup,
 Speak the true word of hearty cheer,
 Tell the lone soul that God is near.

I81 *Seeing the Invisible.*

1 Eternal and immortal King!
 Thy peerless splendors none can bear,
 But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
 When God with all his glory's there.

2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
 The great Invisible can see;
 And with its tremblings mingle joy,
 In fixed regard, great God, to thee.

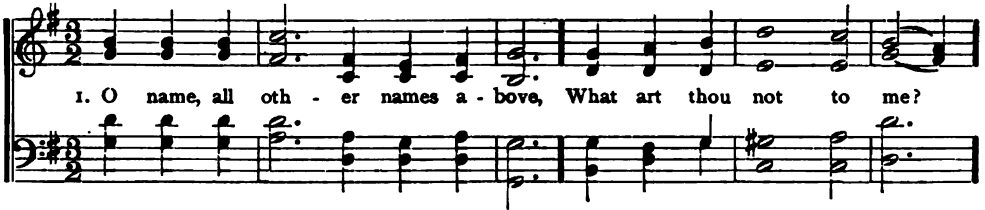
3 O ever conscious to my heart,
 Witness to its supreme desire!
 Behold, it presseth on to thee,
 For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

4 This one petition would it urge,—
 To bear thee ever in its sight;
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
 Its only portion and delight!

Philip Doddridge.

182 LAMBETH. C. M.

S. WEBB.



- 2 What is our being but a cry,
A restless, longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fulness fill.
- 3 Thrice blessed be the holy souls
That lead the way to thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.
- 4 And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far, when thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God.
- 5 The thought of thee all sorrow calms,
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

183 Penitence.

- 1 O, richly, Father, have I been
Blest evermore by thee!
And morning, noon, and night thou
hast
Preserved me tenderly.
- 2 Unworthy to be called thy son,
I come with shame to thee,
Father! O more than Father, thou
Hast always been to me!

- 3 Help me to break the heavy chains
The world has round me thrown,
And know the glorious liberty
Of an obedient son.
- 4 That I may henceforth heed whate'er
Thy voice within me saith,
Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
A principle of faith,—
- 5 Faith that, like armor to my soul,
Shall keep all evil out,
More mighty than an angel host
Encamping round about.

William H. Furness.

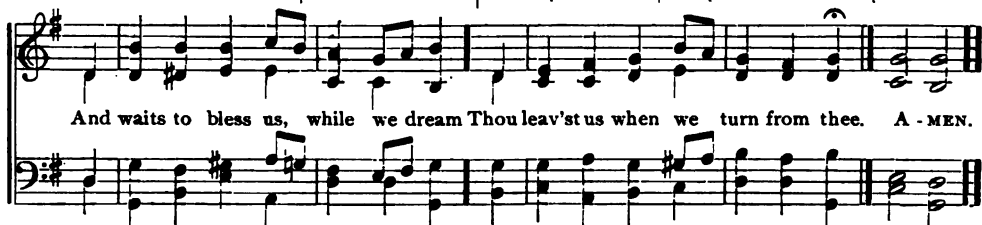
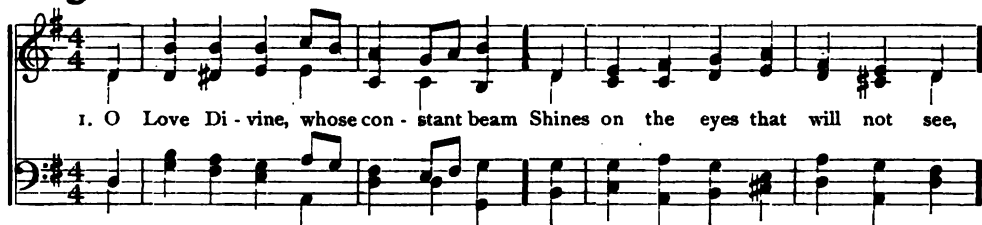
184 Jesus.

- 1 The loving Friend to all that bowed
Beneath life's weary load,
From lips baptized in humble prayer
His consolations flowed.
- 2 The faithful Witness to the Truth,
His just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.
- 3 No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
His piercing glance could bear;
But longing hearts which sought him
found
That God and heaven were there.

Samuel Longfellow.

I85 CANONBURY. L. M.

Arr. from ROBERT SCHUMANN.



- 2 All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.
- 3 Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou
know'st,
Wide as our need thy favors fall;
The white wings of the holy ghost
Stoop unseen o'er the heads of all.

John G. Whittier.

I86 *Christmas Bells.*

- 1 I heard the bells on Christmas-day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!
- 2 And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along the unbroken song,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!
- 3 Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,—
A voice, a chime, a chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, goodwill to men!

Henry W. Longfellow.

I87 *A Prayer.*

- 1 I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

- 2 I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside,
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.
- 3 I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety to my feet;
- 4 But pray that, when the tempest's
breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unfathomed sea of doubt.

Phæbe Cary.

I88 *The Knowledge of God.*

- 1 On mightier wing, in loftier flight,
From year to year does knowledge
soar;
And, as it soars, religion's light
Adds to its influence more and more.
- 2 More glorious still as centuries roll,
New regions blest, new powers un-
furled,
Expanding with the expanding soul,
Its waters shall o'erflow the world:—
- 3 Flow to restore, but not destroy;
As when the cloudless lamp of day
Pours out its flood of light and joy,
And sweeps each lingering mist
away.

Digitized by Sir John Bowring.

189 TRISTITIA. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 8.

J. BARNBY:

1. Thou hid - den love of God, whose height, Whose depth un-fath - omed, no man knows,

I see from far thy beau - teous light, In - ly I sigh for thy re - pose.

Slower.

My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest, till it find rest in thee. A - MEN.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions
rove;

Yet hindrances strew all the way;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee:
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,
No peace my wandering soul shall
see.

Oh, when shall my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend?

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All!"

To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Paul Gebhardt and G. Tersteegen.
Tr. John Wesley.

190 The Spirit of Power, and of Love.

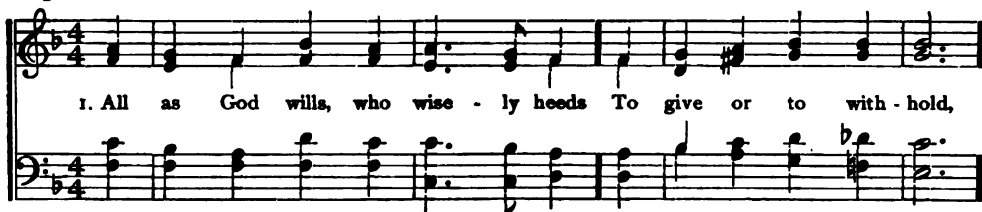
1 I want the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind,
Of power to conquer every sin,
Of love to thee and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

2 Oh, that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

Charles Wesley.

191 DALEHURST. C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



2 Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

3 That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Bright with eternal good;

4 That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

5 No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing now and here.

John G. Whittier.

192 A Psalm of Trust.

1 I little see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

2 No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

3 I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of my own;
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

4 I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

5 And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine,
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

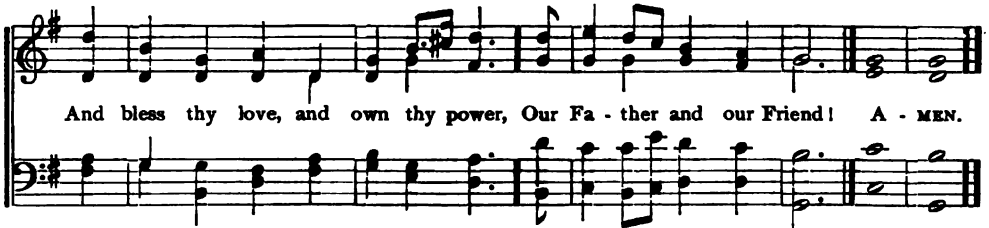
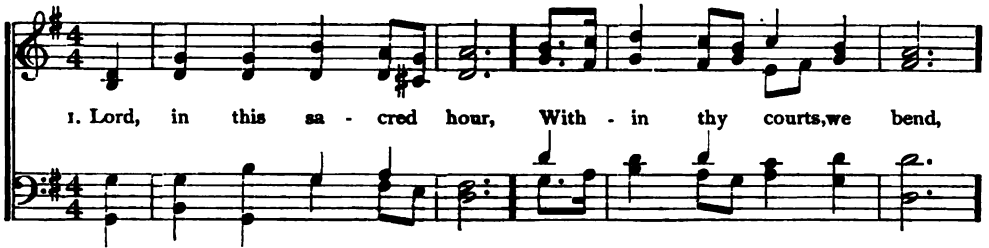
6 He will not leave my soul forlorn,
I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each
morn
And every evening new.

7 Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must;
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

8 And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

193 ST. THOMAS. S. M.

AARON WILLIAMS.



2 But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod,
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

3 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

4 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light!
Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch.

3 Send down thy love, thy life,
Our lesser lives to crown,
And cleanse them of their hate and strife:
Thy living love send down.

4 Send down thy peace, O Lord!
Earth's bitter voices drown
In one deep ocean of accord:
Thy peace, O God, send down.

Edward Rowland Sill.

194 For the Gifts of the Spirit.

1 Send down thy truth, O God!
Too long the shadows frown;
Too long the darkened way we've trod:
Thy truth, O Lord, send down.

2 Send down thy Spirit free,
Till wilderness and town
One temple for thy worship be:
Thy Spirit, oh, send down!

195 The Voice of Conscience.

1 Give forth thine earnest cry,
O conscience, voice of God!
To young and old, to low and high,
Proclaim his will abroad.

2 Within the human breast
Thy strong monitions plead;
Still thunder thy divine protest
Against the unrighteous deed.

3 Show the true way of peace,
O thou our guiding light!
From bondage of the wrong release,
To service of the right.

Hymns of the Spirit.

I96 OAKLAND. 7, 7, 5.

After RUBINSTEIN.

1. Might-y . . Spir-it, . . gra-cious Guide, Let thy light in us a-bide;

Ev-er . . walk-ing by thy side, Grant us heaven-ly love. A-MEN.

2 Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or heaven above,
Knowledge, all things, empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

3 Love is kind, and suffers long;
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

5 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

Bishop Christopher Wordsworth.

I97 MEAD. L. M.

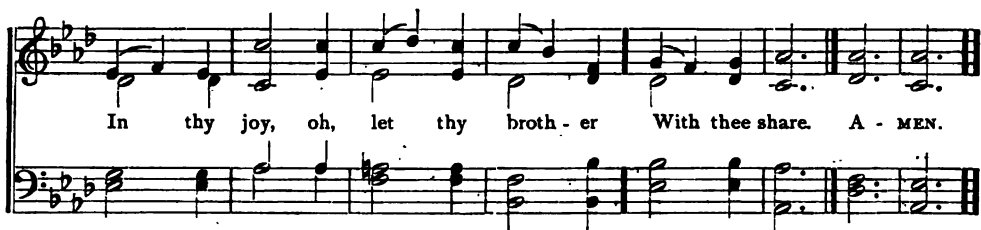
German. Arr. by G. A. B.

1. These things shall be! a loft-ier race Than e'er the world hath known shall rise

With flame of free-dom in their souls And light of knowl-edge in their eyes.

198 GENEVA. 8, 5, 8, 3.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER.



2 When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

3 If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,—
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

4 Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

5 Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

Theodore C. Williams.

To Mead.

2 They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

3 Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

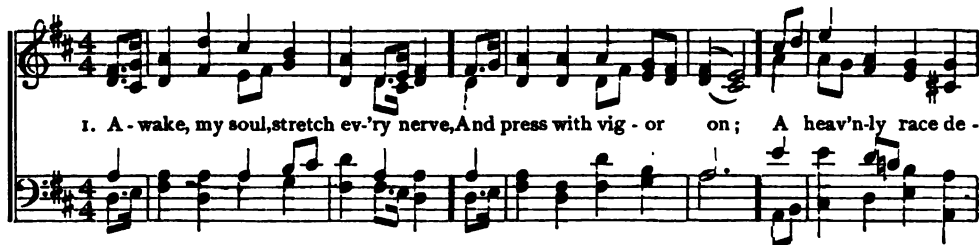
4 New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song
When all the earth is paradise.

5 There shall be no more sin, no shame,
Though pain and passion may not die:
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

John Addington Symonds.

199 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

Arr. from G. F. HANDEL.



- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast, [gems
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust.

P. Doddridge. 1755.

200 God's Trumpet.

- 1 God's trumpet wakes the slumbering
world:
Now each man to his post!
The red-cross banner is unfurled,—
Who joins the glorious host?
- 2 He who in fealty to the truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
He joins the noble host!
- 3 He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
He joins the faithful host!

- 4 He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain, nor shame, nor
loss,—
He joins the martyr host!

Samuel Longfellow.

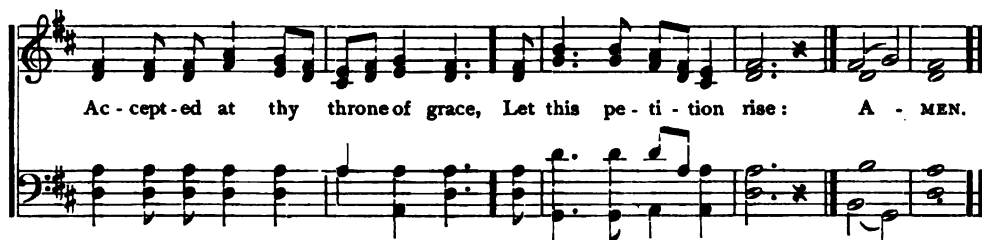
201 The Living Word.

- 1 Our God, our God, thou shinest here;
Thine own this latter day;
To us thy radiant steps appear,—
Here goes thy glorious way.
- 2 We shine not only with the light
Thou sheddest down of yore:
On us thou streamest strong and bright;
Thy comings are not o'er.
- 3 The fathers had not all of thee;
New births are in thy grace:
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.
- 4 We gaze on thy out-goings bright;
Down cometh thy full power:
We, the glad bearers of thy light;
This, this thy saving hour.
- 5 On us thy spirit hast thou poured,
To us thy word has come: [Lord!
We feel, we thank thy quickening,
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Digitized by Google T. H. GILL.

202 NAOMI. C. M.

Arranged from NÄGELI, by LOWELL MASON.



2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee;

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Anne Steele.

4 And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

5 I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

John G. Whittier.

203 *The Eternal Goodness.*

1 I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

2 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

3 And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break
But strengthen and sustain.

204 *Christian Fellowship.*

1 A holy air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above:
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

2 O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not thee nor thine;

3 But by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

205 CHORALE. 9, 8, 9, 8, 8, 8.

G. NEUMARK.

In MENDELSSOHN'S "St. Paul"

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. If thou but suf-fer God to guide thee, And hope in him thro' all thy ways, He'll
give thee strength, what-e'er be-tide thee, And bear thee thro' the e-vil days. Who trusts in
God's un-chang-ing love Builds on the rock that nought can move. A - MEN.

2 What can these anxious cares avail
thee— [sighs?

These never-ceasing moans and
What can it help if thou bewail thee
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

3 Only be still, and wait his leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-discerning love hath sent.
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

4 Sing, pray, and keep his ways un-
swerving,

So do thine own part faithfully, [ing,
And trust his word,—though undeserv-
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;

God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

Neumark, tr. from German by T. C. Winkworth.

206*Heaven.*

To Hebron.

1 Oh, when the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep, it is not rest,—
'Tis glory opening to the blest.

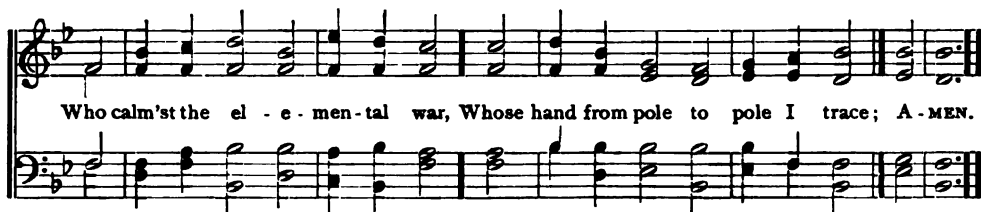
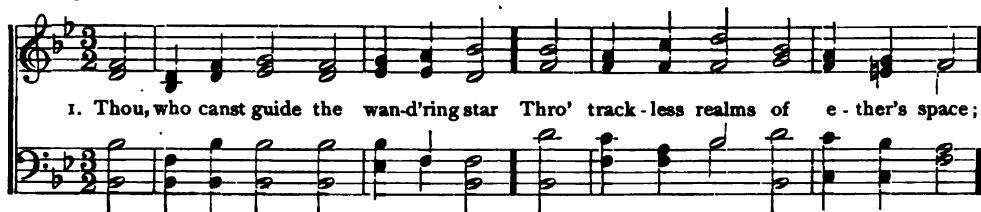
2 There parted hearts again shall meet
In union holy, calm, and sweet;
Their grief find rest, and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

3 For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as his own.

William B. O. Peabody.

207 HEBRON. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



- 2 Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when thou wilt, canst take me
hence,
Ah, while I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me thy wide defence!
- 3 To thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all thy mercies past;
And hope, my God, to thee again
This erring life may fly at last.

Lord Byron.

208 *Lord of All Being, Throned Afar.*

- 1 Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
- 2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.
- 3 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is
love;
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.
- 4 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,

Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

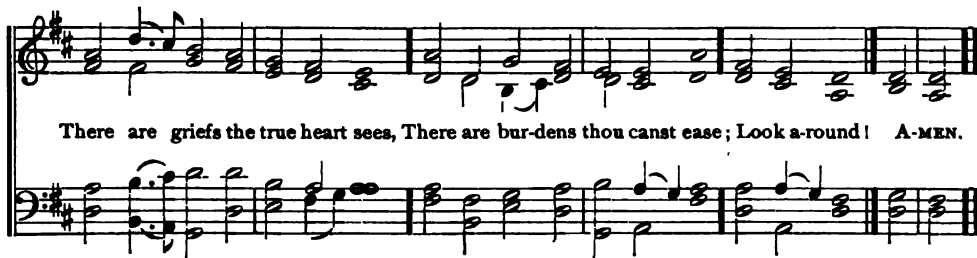
209 *The Reformers.*

- 1 For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord,
With lifted song and bended knee;
But now our thanks are chiefly poured
For those who taught us to be free.
- 2 For when the soul lay bound below
A heavy yoke of forms and creeds,
And none thy word of truth could
know, [with weeds,
O'ergrown with tares and choked
- 3 The monarch's sword, the prelate's
pride,
The church's curse, the empire's ban,
By one poor monk were all defied,
Who never feared the face of man.
- 4 Half-battles were the words he said,
Each born of prayer, baptized in
tears;
And routed by them, backward fled
The errors of a thousand years.
- 5 With lifted song and bended knee,
For all thy gifts we praise thee, Lord;
But chief for those who made us free,
The champions of thy holy word.

J. Freeman Clarke.

210 EATON. 7. 3.

German, 1704.



- 2 Not long prayers, but earnest zeal,
This is what is wanted more:
Put thy shoulder to the wheel,
Bread unto the famished deal
From thy store!
- 3 Not high-sounding words of praise
Sing to God, 'neath some grand
dome,
But the fallen haste to raise,
And the poor from life's highways
Bring thou home!
- 4 Worship God by doing good:
Works, not words; kind acts, not
creeds;
He who loves God as he should,
Makes his heart's love understood
By kind deeds.

G. W. Moon.

211 *The City of God.*

To Dedham.

- 1 City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime!

The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

- 2 One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!
- 3 How purely hath thy speech come
down
From man's primeval youth!
And slow and vast thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!
- 4 How gleam thy watch-fires through
the night,
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!
- 5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands!

Samuel Johnson.

212 DEDHAM. C. M.

W. GARDINER.

1. One ho - ly Church of God ap - pears Through ev - ery age and race,
Un-wast-ed by the lapse of years, Unchanged by changing place. A - MEN.

- 2 From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores
With silence or with psalm.
- 3 Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptised ones,
Love her communion cup.
- 4 The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift,
Do make her pilgrimage.
- 5 O living Church! thine errand speed,
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,
Redeem the evil time!
- 3 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low;
And worships those, and tramples these,
While the same path they go.
- 4 O, let man hasten to restore
To all their rights of love!
In power and wealth exult no more:
In wisdom lowly move.
- 5 Ye great, renounce your earth-born
Ye low, your shame and fear:
Live, as ye worship, side by side;
Your brotherhood revere.

Harriet Martineau.

213 All Equal Before God.

- 1 All men are equal in their birth,
Heirs of the earth and skies;
All men are equal when that earth
Fades from their dying eyes.
- 2 God meets the throngs who pay their
vows
In courts their hands have made,
And hears the worshiper who bows
Beneath the plantain shade.

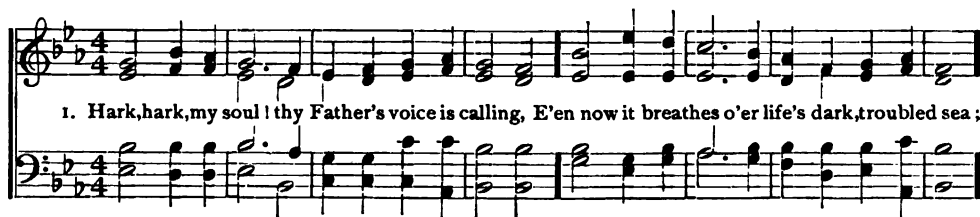
Samuel Longfellow.

214 At the Opening of Life.

- 1 A wondrous star our pioneer,
We left the mystic land,
Where heaven-nurtured childhood
slept,
Where yet old visions stand.
- 2 The world throws wide its brazen
gates;
With Thee we enter in;
O grant us, in our humble sphere,
To free that world from sin!
- 3 The truest worship is a life;
All dreaming we resign;
We lay our offerings at thy feet,
Our lives, O God! are thine.

215 PILGRIMS. 11, 10, 11, 10, 9, 11.

HENRY SMART.



1. Hark, hark, my soul ! thy Father's voice is calling, E'en now it breathes o'er life's dark, troubled sea ;



His gracious truth like heavenly dew is fall - ing ; Hark, hark, my soul ! thy Father calls for thee.



Fath-er of mer-cy, Fath - er of love ! Help us to follow thee to heavenly peace above. AMEN.

- 2 Hark, hark, my soul ! from heaven that voice is pleading
 With thee, ere evil days draw darkly near ;
 Still by his love our Father's hand is leading,
 From sin and shame, from sorrow, doubt, and fear.
 Father of mercy, Father of love !
 Help us to follow thee to heavenly peace above.

- 3 Hark, hark, my soul ! still, still that voice is sounding,
 Like music sweet from some far distant shore,
 While angel bands, our daily path surrounding,
 Lead God's dear children on for evermore.
 Father of mercy, Father of love !
 Help us to follow thee to heavenly peace above.

John Page Hopps.

- 1 Out from the heart of nature rolled
 The burdens of the Bible old ;
 The litanies of nations came,
 Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
 Up from the burning core below,
 The canticles of love and woe.

- 2 The word unto the prophet spoken
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;
 Still floats upon the morning wind,
 Still whispers to the willing mind.
 One accent of the Holy Ghost
 The heedless world has never lost.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

216 ALFORD. 7, 6, D.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. The God that to the fa - thers Re - vealed his ho - ly will
Has not the world for - sak - en; He's with the chil - dren still.
Then en - vy not the twi - light That glim - mered on their way;
Look up, and see the dawn - ing That broad - ens in - to day. A - MEN.

2 'Twas but far off, in vision,
The fathers' eyes could see
The glory of the kingdom,—
The better time to be.
To-day we see fulfilling
The dreams they dreamt of old;
While nearer, ever nearer,
Rolls on the age of gold!

3 With trust in God's free spirit,—
The ever broadening ray
Of truth that shines to guide us
Along our forward way,—

Let us to-day be faithful,
As were the brave of old,
Till we, their work completing,
Bring in the age of gold!

Minot J. Savage.

217 *At Church.*

1 Here be no man a stranger;
No holy cause be banned;
No good for one be counted
Not good for all the land!
And here from prophet voices
The message never fail,—
God reigns! His Truth shall conquer,
And Right and Love prevail.

Wm. C. Gannett.

218 MARTYRDOM. AVON. C. M.

H. WILSON.

1. Our Fa - ther! while our hearts un - learn The creeds that wrong thy name,

Still let our hal - low'd al - tars burn With Faith's un - dy - ing flame! A - MEN.

- 2 Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls thy face shall see,—
The star of Love must light the path
That leads to Heaven and thee.
- 3 Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds his sacred image still,
And see him once again,
- 4 The brother man, the pitying friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.
- 5 If, 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without,
Thy love will not withhold.
- 6 Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live
And nobler work to do!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

219 *One Fold and One Shepherd.*

To Aurelia.

- 1 Now is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold.
Now Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common God adore.
- 2 Let all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day.
Let all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In faith and hope and love.
- 3 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray:
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation,
It cheers the watchers on
To pray and hope and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.†

220 AURELIA. 7, 6, D.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been, What time the tem - pest
ra - ges, Our dwelling place se - rene; Be - fore thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
To end - less gen - er - a - tions The ev - er - last - ing thou! A - MEN.

2 Our years are like the shadows
O'er sunny hills that fly,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story,
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

3 O thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest;
And let thy spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hath blessed.

Edward H. Bickersteth.

221 *Earth's Holy Places.*

1 Where men on mounts of vision
Have passed the veil within;
Where hearts bowed in contrition
Have risen from their sin;

Where light on upturned faces
Earth's Calvaries has crowned —
Here are her holy places,
This, consecrated ground.

2 Where life is nobly given,
And man for man has died;
Where bonds of wrong are riven,
And right is glorified —
One faith the spirit traces,
Brightening from age to age;
These are earth's holy places,
And shrines of pilgrimage.

3 Here, Lord, may thy revealing
In waiting hearts be known,
Here holier thought and feeling,
The secret Presence own;
May prayer and aspiration
In-shinings of thy grace,
And sorrow's consolation,
Make this our holy place!

222 LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

1. Come, king - dom of our God, Sweet reign of light and love; Shed peace and
hope and joy a - broad, And wis - dom from a - bove. A - MEN.

2 Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst
That never pains again.

3 Come, kingdom of our God,
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

4 Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family!

John Johns.

223 Heavenly Thoughts.

1 Come to me, thoughts of heaven,
My fainting spirit bear
On your bright wings, by morning
given,
Up to celestial air.

2 Away, far, far away,
From thoughts by passion given,
Fold me in blue, still, cloudless day,
O blessed thoughts of heaven!

3 Waft me where gales divine
With dark clouds ne'er have striven,
Where living founts forever shine,
O blessed thoughts of heaven!

Felicia Hemans.

224 Human Brotherhood.

1 Hush the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call!
Why should the earth be drenched with
gore?

Are we not brothers all?

2 Want, from the wretch depart!
Chains, from the captive fall!
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's
heart,—
Sufferers are brothers all.

3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition-wall!
Let love each harsher feeling drown,—
Christians are brothers all.

4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

John Johns.

225 LABAN. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard: Ten thou - sand foes a - rise;
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies. A - MEN.

- 2 Oh, watch and fight and pray!
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.
- 4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

George Heath.

226

Service.

- 1 Make use of me, my God,
Let me not be forgot,
Let not thy child be cast aside,
One whom thou needest not.
- 2 Thou usest all thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on thee.
- 3 Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak, and little hill,
My God, oh, use me too!

- 4 Thou usest tree and flower,
The river vast and small,
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.
- 5 The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.
- 6 All things do serve thee here,
All creatures great and small;
Make use of me, who feels, my God,
The weakest of them all.

H. Bonar.

227

Mutual Help.

- 1 Come, brothers, let us go!
Our Father is our guide;
And be the way or bright or dark,
He journeys at our side.
- 2 Come, brothers, let us go!
Nor by the way fall out;
But help each other brotherly,—
God guards us round about.
- 3 The strong be quick to raise
The weaker, when they fall;
In love and peace and quiet go:
God's blessing keep us all!

Tr. from G. Tersteegen.

228 ABBEY. II, 10.

After FRANZ ABT.

C. W. W.

1. O broth-er man! fold to thy heart thy broth-er; Where pi-ty dwells, the

peace of God is there; To wor-ship right-ly is to love each

oth-er, Each smile a hymn, each kind-ly deed a prayer. A - MEN.

2 For he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken;

The holier worship which he deigns to bless,

Restores the lost and binds the spirit broken,

And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

3 Follow with reverent steps the great example

Of him whose holy work was "doing good";

So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple:

Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

John G. Whittier.

229

The Angels.

1 Why come not spirits from the realms of glory

To visit earth as in the days of old—
The times of sacred writ and ancient story?

Is heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold?

2 No! earth has angels, though their forms are moulded

But of such clay as fashions all below;
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions folded,

We know them by the love-light on their brow.

230 ARIEL. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Att. from MOZART, by LOWELL MASON.

1. O Lord! how hap - py should we be, If we could leave our cares to thee,

If we from self could rest, And feel at heart that one a - bove,

In perfect wisdom, perfect love, Is work-ing for the best, Is working for the best. A - MEN.

2 For, when we kneel and cast our care
Upon our God in humble prayer,
With strengthened soul we rise;
Sure that our Father, who is nigh
To hear the ravens when they cry,
Will hear his children's cries.

3 O, may these faithless hearts of ours
The lesson learn from birds and flowers,
And learn from self to cease;
Leave all things to a Father's will,
And on his mercy leaning still,
Find in each trial peace.

Joseph Anstice.

3 We still see angels by the sick one's
pillow;
Theirs are the soft tone and the
soundless tread;
Where smitten hearts are drooping like
the willow,
They stand between the living and
the dead.

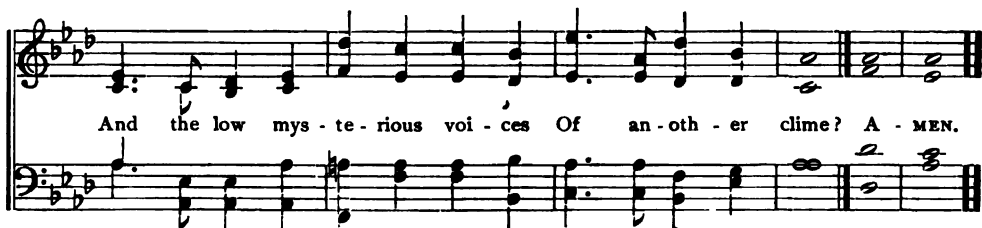
4 There have been angels in the gloomy
prison,
In crowded halls, by the lone widow's
hearth;

And where they passed, the fallen
have uprisen,
The giddy paused, the mourner's
hope had birth.

5 Many a spirit walks the world unheeded,
That, when its veil of sadness is laid
down,
Shall soar aloft with pinions unimpeded,
And wear its glory like a starry
crown.

231 SALTER. 8, 7, 8, 5.

From "Ethical Songs." E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.



- 2 Early hath life's mighty question
Thrilled within thy heart of youth,
With a deep and strong beseeching,—
What, and where, is truth?
- 3 Not to ease and aimless quiet
Doth the inward answer tend;
But to works of love and duty,
As our being's end.
- 4 Earnest toil and strong endeavor
Of a spirit which within
Wrestles with familiar evil
And besetting sin;
- 5 And without, with tireless vigor,
Steady heart, and purpose strong,
In the power of truth assaileth
Every form of wrong.

John G. Whittier.

232 Sunday Morning.

To Colchester.

- 1 O Father! though the anxious fear,
May cloud tomorrow's way,
Nor fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be thine today.
- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine;
But each unholy thought departs,
And leaves the temple thine.

- 3 Sleep, sleep today, tormenting cares
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 4 Tomorrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control;
Ye shall desecrate this day,
The sabbath of the soul.

Mrs. Barbauld.

233 The Eighty-fifth Psalm.

To Colchester.

- 1 The Lord will come and not be slow,
His footsteps cannot err;
Before him righteousness shall go,
His royal harbinger.
- 2 Mercy and Truth that long were missed
Now joyfully are met;
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have
kissed,
And hand in hand are set.
- 3 Truth from the earth like to a flower
Shall bud and blossom then,
And Justice from her heavenly bower
Look down on mortal men.
- 4 For great Thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done;
Thou in thy everlasting seat
Remainest God alone.

John Milton.

234 COLCHESTER. C. M.

HENRY PURCELL, 1658-



2 Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care;
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

3 Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou may'st be sought;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls,
In truth and patience wrought.

4 Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea;
The worlds of science and of art,
Revealed and ruled by thee.

5 Then let us prove our heavenly birth
In all we do or know;
And claim the kingdom of the earth
For thee, and not thy foe.

6 Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou would'st have it done;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton.

2 The truths ye urge are borne abroad
By every wind and tide:
The voice of Nature and of God
Speaks out upon your side.

3 The weapons which your hands have
found [wrought—
Are those which Heaven hath
Light, Truth, and Love: your battle-
ground
The free, broad field of Thought.

4 Oh, may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man!

5 Press on! and if we may not share
The glory of your fight,
We'll ask at least, in earnest prayer,
God's blessing on the right.

John G. Whittier.

235 *The Reformers.*

1 O pure Reformers, not in vain
Your trust in humankind;
The good which bloodshed could not
gain,
Your peaceful zeal shall find.

236 *Hope.*

1 The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.

2 Behind the cloud the starlight lurks;
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Hath left his hope with all.

John G. Whittier.

237 EWING. 7, 6, D.

ALEXANDER EWING.

1. In heav'nly love a-bid-ing, No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such con-fid-ing, For noth-ing chan-ges here.
The storm may roar with-out me, My heart may low be laid;
But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A-MEN.

- 2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.
- 3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path in life is free:
My Father has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna L. Waring.

238*Another Day.*

To Missionary Chant.

- 1 O God! I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give,—
For sunny skies and air and light;
O God, I thank thee that I live!
- 2 My life I consecrate to thee;
And ever as the day is born,
On wings of joy my soul would flee,
And thank thee for another morn.
- 3 Another day to do, to dare;
To tax anew my growing strength;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

Mrs. C. A. Mason.

239 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



2 Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

3 Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth:
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

4 Then forth to life, O child of earth!
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth!
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere!

Samuel Longfellow.

240*Press on!*

- 1 Press on, press on! ye sons of light,
Untiring in your holy fight,
Still treading each temptation down,
And battling for a brighter crown.
- 2 Press on, press on! through toil and woe,
With calm resolve, to triumph go;
And make each dark and threatening ill
Yield but a higher glory still.
- 3 Press on, press on! still look in faith
To him who conquereth sin and death:

Then shall ye hear his word, "Well
done."

True to the last, press on, press on!
William Gaskell.

241 *For Other's Sake.*

- 1 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering
feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
The hungry ones with manna sweet.
- 2 O strengthen me, that, while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.
- 3 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may
reach
The hidden depth of many a heart.
- 4 O fill me with thy fullness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

Frances R. Havergal.

242 HACKLEY HALL. 6, 5.

A. RANDEGGER.

1. As the storm re-treat-ing Leaves the vales in peace, Let the world's vain
 nois-es O'er our spir-its cease. Sounds of wrath and striv-ing,
 Man with man at war, Hearts with heav'n contend-ing, Hear we now no more. A-MEN.

2 Now the hours of stillness
 Wondrous visions show;
 Heaven unfolds before us,
 Angels come and go.
 Holy human faces,
 From earth's shadows free,
 Look with love upon us,
 Bid us patient be.

3 Almost we discern them,
 Almost read their smile,
 Almost hear them saying,
 "Wait a little while."
 Thus in hours of stillness,
 Faith to heaven shall rise,
 Till death's last, deep silence
 Quite unseals our eyes.

Theodore C. Williams.

2 Calmer yet, and calmer,
 Trial bear and pain:
 Surer yet, and surer,
 Peace at last to gain.
 Suffering still and doing,
 To his will resigned;
 And to God subduing
 Heart, and will, and mind.

3 Higher yet, and higher,
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet, and nearer,
 Rising to the light—
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly
 Sanctified and blest.

After Goethe.

243*Aspiration.*

1 Purer yet, and purer,
 I would be in mind,
 Dearer yet, and dearer
 Every duty find.
 Hoping still, and trusting
 God without a fear,
 Patiently believing
 He will make all clear.

244*Student's Hymn.*

1 In life's earnest morning,
 When our hope is high,
 Hear we now thy summons,
 Let us feel thee nigh.
 Nor in toil, nor sorrow,
 Weakness nor dismay,
 Need we ever falter—
 Art thou not our stay?

245 MATERNA. C. M. D.

S. A. WARD.

1. My life flows on in endless song; Above earth's lamentation, I hear the sweet, though far-off hymn
That hails a new crea-tion; Thro' all the tu-mult and the strife I hear the mu-sic ring-ing;
It finds an ech-o in my soul—How can I keep from sing-ing? A - MEN.

2 What though my joys and comforts die,
The Lord, my Helper, liveth!
What though the darkness gather round,
Songs in the night he giveth!
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging;
Since God is Lord of heaven and earth,
How can I keep from singing?

3 I lift mine eyes; the clouds grow thin,
I see the blue above it,
And day by day this pathway smooths
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of God makes fresh my heart,
A fountain ever springing;
All things are mine, since I am his—
How can I keep from singing?

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From Amore Dei.

2 Teach us, Lord, thy wisdom,
While we seek men's lore;
May the mind be humbled
As we know thee more;
Let the larger vision
Bring the childlike heart,
And our deeper knowledge
Holier zeal impart.
3 Should our faith be palsied
By the touch of doubt,
Should our hearts grow empty,
Faithless, undevout,

Lord, in mercy lead us
To our springs in thee,
Where are healing waters
Plentiful and free.
4 Should thy face be clouded
To our spirits' sight,
Speak through human kindness,
Shine through Nature's light,
In the face of loved ones,
Or the ties of home—
Ever, gracious Father,
To thy children come.

S. Oakley.

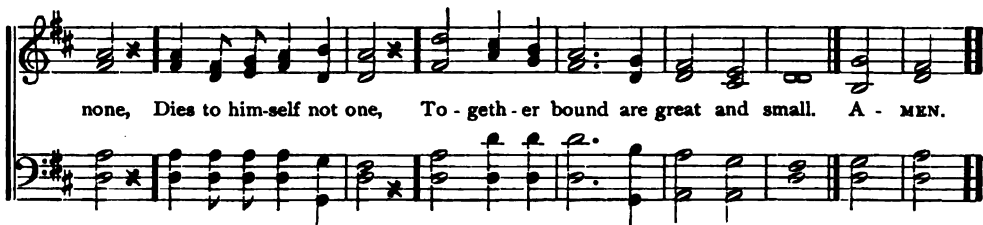
246 GANNETT. 6, 6, 8, D.

C. W. WENDTE.

IN UNISON.



HARMONY.



- 2 The law of sun and star,
Of things near and afar,
Runsthroughe the changeful life of man;
Live to himself can none,
Dies to himself not one,
Moves on, for good or ill, God's plan.

- 3 By simplest daily need,
By smallest trifling deed,
We touch the lives of all around;
Words of love will glad,
Words of hate make sad,
And through long centuries resound.

- 4 O Father, give us grace
Right well to fill our place,
Amid such mysteries of life;
Our life for thee to use,
Thy part in life to choose,
And strengthen others for the strife.

James Legge.

247 Nature and the Soul.

To Allstone.

- 1 Is nature all so beautiful?
The human feeling makes it so:
The sounds we love, the flowers we cull,
Are hallowed with man's joy or woe.
- 2 The little speedwell's tender blue
Is not so pure and delicate,
As is the simple wish in you
That will its tardy advent wait.
- 3 The tiny drops of dew, that shine
Upon the leaflets new and rare,
Are scarcely half so crystal-fine,
As your delight to watch them there.
- 4 The wishing for the green of trees
Is fresher than the leaves that come:
The blowing of a scented breeze
Is sweetest round a happy home.

Thomas Ashe.

248 ALSTONE. L. M.

C. E. WILLING.



- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And thus my higher life forego?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,—
Thy gracious word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, with-drawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Isaac Watts.†

249 *Each for All.*

- 1 I said it in the meadow-path,
I say it on the mountain stairs —
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.
- 2 The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild-rose red
Because it makes the whole world
sweet.
- 3 And up the radiant peopled way
That opens into worlds unknown,

It will be life's delight to say
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

- 4 Rich through my brother's poverty?
Such wealth were hideous! I am
blest
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest!

Lucy Larcom.

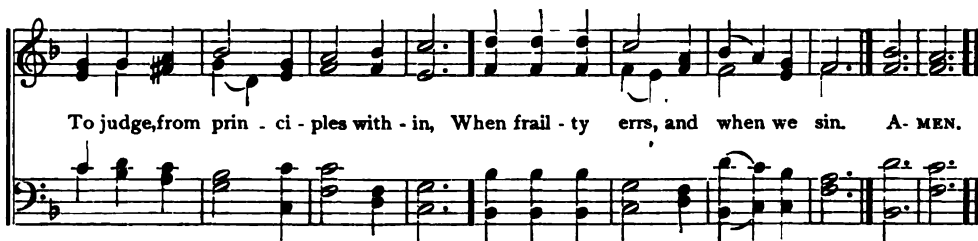
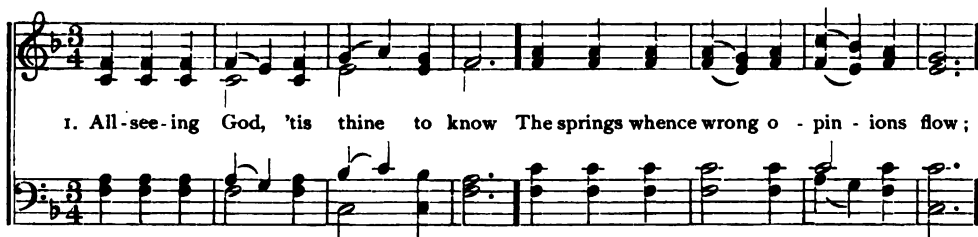
250 *The March of Life.*

- 1 Silent, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.
- 2 We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the grandeur of the prize.
- 3 No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
Our hands from earnest toil to keep,
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding, or of flight;—
- 4 No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

Digitized by Google Horatius Bonar.

251 HURSLEY. L. M.

Arranged from PETER RITTER, by W. H. MONK.



2 Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call,—
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe?

3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

4 If wrong, correct; accept, if right;
While, faithful, we improve our light,—
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

Thos. Scott.

3 Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain:
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

4 Fill every hour with what will last,
Use well the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

5 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest
bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

Horatius Bonar.

252 *True Life.*

1 He liveth long who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away:
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

2 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made,
And let the victor's step be thine.

253 *Love to God and Man.*

1 In love to God and love to man
Our simple creed finds ample scope:
Secure in God's unerring plan,
We walk by faith, are saved by hope.

2 Then vanish, spectres of the night,
That once enthralled the darkened
soul;
Our watchword be the inward light,
The onward march, the endless goal.
Fred'k Henry Hedge.

254

Independence.

To Hursley.

- 1 There are, who, bending supple knees,
Live for no end except to please,
Rising to fame by mean degrees,
But creep not thou with such as these.
- 2 They have their due reward; they bend
Their lives to an unworthy end:
On empty aims the toil expend,
Which had secured a faithful friend.
- 3 But be not thou as these, whose mind
Is to a passing hour confined;
Let no ignoble fetters bind
Thy soul, as free as is the wind.
- 4 Stand upright, speak thy thought,
declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share;
Be bold, proclaim it ev'rywhere;
They only live who bravely dare.

Anon.

255 *True Christian Fellowship.*

To Hursley.*

- 1 Weary of all this wordy strife,
These notions, forms, and modes,
and names,
To thee the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Whose love my simple heart inflames,
Divinely taught, at last I fly,
With thee and thine to live and die.
- 2 My brethren, friends, and kinsmen,
these,
Who do my heavenly Father's will;
Who aim at perfect holiness,
And all thy counsels to fulfil;
Athirst to be whate'er thou art,
And love their God with all their heart.
- 3 From these, howe'er in flesh disjoined,
Where'er dispersed o'er earth abroad,
Unfeigned, unbounded love I find,
And constant as the life of God;
Fountain of life, from thence it sprung,
As pure, as even, and as strong.

Charles Wesley.

256 *The Sacrifice of Love.*

To Hursley.

- 1 The uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;

* Repeat first eight bars of the music.

In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

- 2 Can rites and forms and flaming zeal
The breaches of thy precepts heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile!
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields.
- 4 Love God and man: this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand;
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy Well-beloved preach.

Thomas Scott.

257

Perfect Peace.

To Hursley.

- 1 In quiet hours the tranquil soul
Reflects the beauty of the sky;
No passions rise or billows roll,
And only God and heaven are nigh.
- 2 His perfect peace has swept from sight
The narrow bounds of time and
space,
And looking up with still delight
We catch the glory of his face.

Augusta Larned.

258

The Aim of Life.

To Hursley.

- 1 What shall I frame my life to gain?
Not riches; lower mundane things
Spread wide their fickle, treacherous
wings,
And who pursues them strives in vain.
- 2 Nor fame; for she fleets faster yet,
Or comes not ere the closing tomb;
The sun of glory sets in gloom,
And all men hasten to forget.
- 3 To Duty only let me kneel,
Her shining circlet on my brow;
To her, alone, my head shall bow,
Content her sovereignty to feel!
- 4 All faint, all fade, all pass, but she
Shines clear for young and aged eyes;
High as the peaks that kiss the skies,
Profound as the unfathomed sea!

Lewis Morris.

259 ST. BEDE. C. M. 6l.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Fa - ther! I know that all my life Is por - tioned out for me;
The chang - es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see:
I ask thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing thee. A - MEN.

2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
To wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side.
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

4 In service which thy will appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught the truth
That makes thy children free;
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Anna L. Waring.

260 As the Shadow of a Great Rock.

1 O Shadow in a sultry land!
We gather to thy breast,

Whose love enfolding like the night
Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

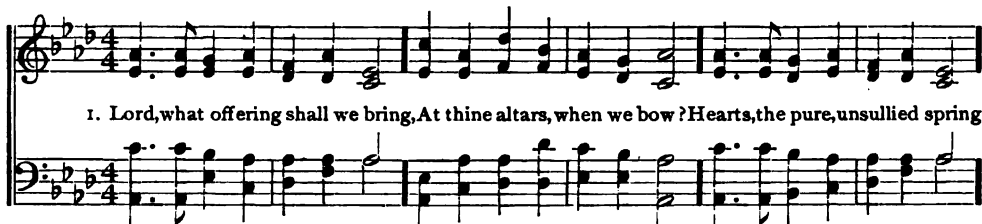
2 From aimless wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro;
The wave of being mingles deep
Amid its ebb and flow;
The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know!

3 That which the garish day had lost
The twilight vigil brings;—
The breezes from celestial hills,
The draughts from deeper springs,
The sense of an immortal trust,
The brush of angel wings!

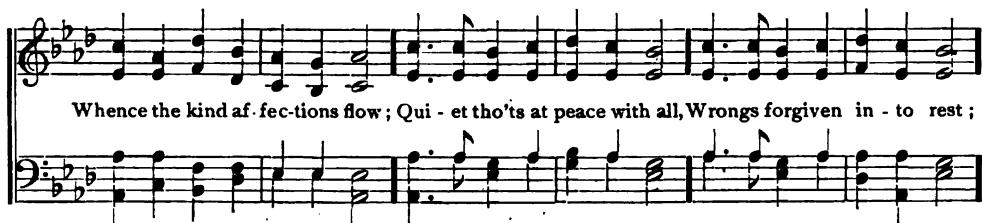
4 Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O Day, with golden skies!
Serene above its fading glow
Night, starry crowned, arise!
So beautiful may Heaven be,
When Life's last sunbeam dies.

261 SPANISH HYMN. 7. D.

Spanish Melody.



1. Lord, what offering shall we bring, At thine altars, when we bow ? Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring



Whence the kind af-fec-tions flow ; Qui-et tho'ts at peace with all, Wrongs forgiven in-to rest ;



Sym-pa-thy, at whose con-trol Sor-row leaves the wounded breast. A-MEN.

- 2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,—
Thus the accepted offering bring,—
Love to thee and all mankind.

John Taylor.

262

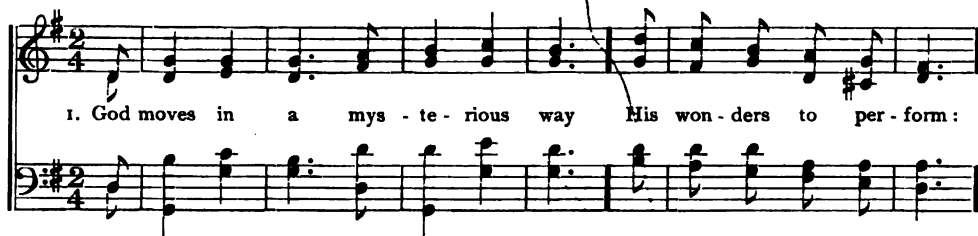
God in All.

- 1 They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.
In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

- 2 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer ;
God is present everywhere.
Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come, and wait ;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

263 HUMMEL. C. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper.

264 *Working with God.*

- 1 Workman of God, oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like !
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.
- 2 Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible !
- 3 And blest is he who can discern
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
- 4 Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men !
Oh, learn to lose with God !
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.
- 5 For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber.

265 *Loyalty to Truth.*

To Hummel.

- 1 When courage fails, and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
That Truth still moveth on.
- 2 For unseen messengers she hath
To work her will and ways,
And even human scorn and wrath
God turneth to her praise.
- 3 She can both meek and lordly be,
In heavenly might secure;
With her is pledge of victory,
And patience to endure.
- 4 The race is not unto the swift,
The battle to the strong,
When dawn her judgment-days that sift
The claims of right and wrong.
- 5 And more than thou canst do for Truth
Can she on thee confer,
If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
And manhood unto her.
- 6 For she can make thee inly bright,
Thy self-love purge away,
And lead thee in the path whose light
Shines to the perfect day.
- 7 Who follow her, though men deride,
In her strength shall be strong,
Shall see their shame become their pride
And share her triumph-song.

Frederick Lucian Hosmer.

266 *The Kingdom Come.*

To Hummel.

- 1 O God, the darkness roll away,
Which clouds the human soul;
And let the bright, the perfect day
Speed onward to its goal.
- 2 Let every hateful passion die,
Which makes of brethren foes;
And war no longer raise its cry,
To mar the world's repose.
- 3 Let faith and hope and charity
Go forth through all the earth;
And man, in heavenly bearing, be
True to his heavenly birth.

- 4 Yea, let thy glorious kingdom come,
Of holiness and love;
And make this world a portal meet
For thy bright courts above.

William Gaskell.

267 *The Will of God.*

To Hummel.

- 1 I worship thee, sweet will of God!
And all thy ways adore;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.
- 2 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.
- 3 I have no cares, O blessed will!
For all my cares are thine;
I live in triumph, Lord! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.
- 4 He always wins who sides with God;
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
- 5 Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will!

Frederick W. Faber.

268 *Praise the Lord.*

To Hummel.

- 1 When all thy merices, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Digitized by Joseph Addison.

269 POSEN. 7, 7, 7, 7.*Himmel, Erde, Luft, und Meer.*

GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER.

1. There's a strife we all must wage, From life's en-trance to its close;

Blest the bold who dare en-gage! Woe for him who seeks re-pose! A - MEN.

- 2 What our foes? Each thought im-pure;
Passions fierce, that tear the soul;
Every ill that we can cure;
Every crime we can control;
- 3 Every suffering which our hand
Can with soothing care assuage;
Every evil of our land;
Every error of our age.
- 4 Shame on him who falls away,
Barters truth for love or ease,
Crouches to the tyrant's sway,
Seeks the multitude to please.
- 5 On, then, to the glorious field!
He who dies his life shall save;
God himself shall be our shield,
He shall bless and crown the brave.

S. G. Bulfinch.

270*Consecration.*

- 1 Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
- 2 Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

- 3 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.
- 4 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee.

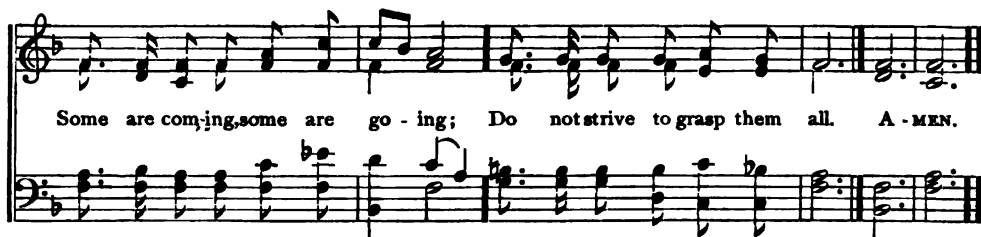
Frances R. Havergal.

271*Building.*

- 1 We are building every day
In a good or evil way,
And the structure as it grows
Will our inmost self disclose,
- 2 Till in every arch and line
All our faults and failings shine;
It may grow a castle grand,
Or a wreck upon the sand.
- 3 Do you ask what building this,
That can show both pain and bliss,
That can be both dark and fair?
Lo, its name is Character!
- 4 Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight, and strong, and true;
Build it clean, and high, and broad.
Build it for the eye of God.

272 ST. SYLVESTER. 8, 7, 8, 7.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.



2 One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whole strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

3 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armèd band:
One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadows passing through the land.

4 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear:
Luminous the crown and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.
Adelaide A. Procter.

273 Evening Hymn.

1 Father, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe, if thou art nigh.

James Edmeston.

274 Jesus.

1 Jesus, by thy simple beauty,
By thy depth of love unknown,
We are drawn to earnest duty,
We come near the Father's throne.

2 When we read the thrilling pages
Of that life so pure and true,
Stars of hope across the ages,
Rise in glory on our view.

3 Faith and hope and love shine o'er us,
Make our daily lives divine;
Friend and Brother gone before us,
Be our thoughts and deeds like thine.
Fanny Fagan.

275 The Benediction of Peace.

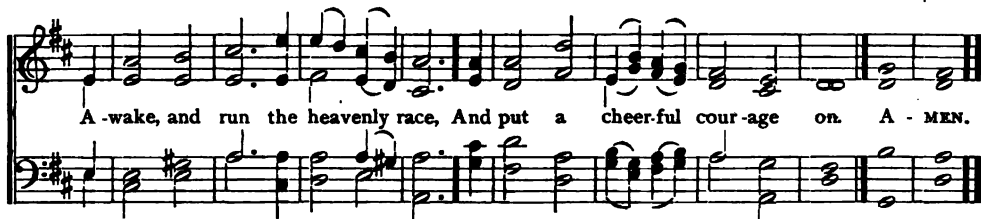
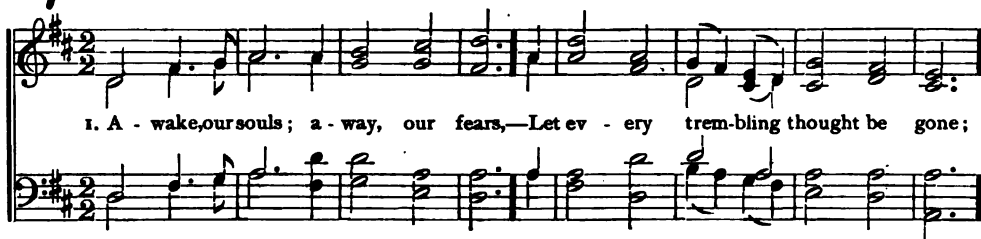
1 Father, give thy benediction,
Give thy peace, before we part;
Still our minds with truth's conviction,
Calm with trust each anxious heart.

2 Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
Bid our griefs and struggles end:
Peace which passeth understanding
On our waiting spirits send.

Anon.

276 TRURO. L. M.

CHARLES BURNEY.



2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint,

3 The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts.

277 *Greeting.*

1 O Life, that maketh all things new,—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of
men,—

Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again :

2 From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope
glows,
The seekers of the Light are one.

3 One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;

4 The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,—
The Life that maketh all things new !
Samuel Longfellow.

278 *The Soldiers of the Cross.*

1 Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
Has brought us here, before thy face !
Our spirits wait for thy command,
Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

2 Those spirits lay their noblest powers
As offerings on thy holy shrine :
Thine was the strength that nourish'd
ours ;
The soldiers of the cross are thine.

3 And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to thee, great
God !

We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

4 Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord !
Through rugged toil and wearying
fight :

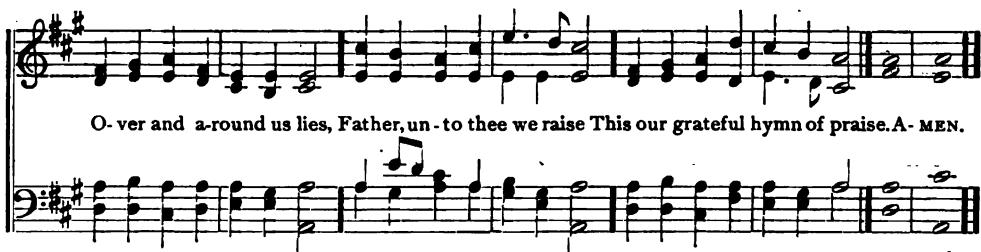
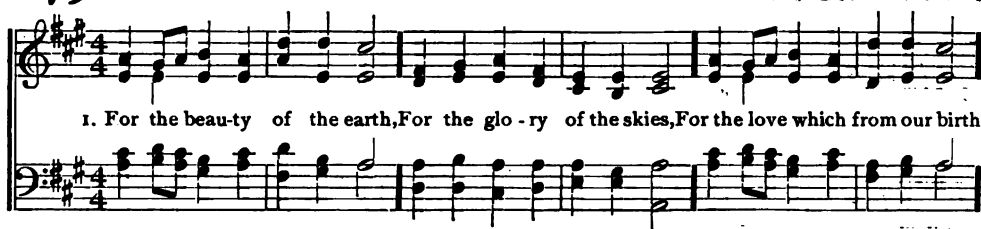
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in thee our truest might.

5 Send down thy constant aid, we pray ;
Be thy pure angels with us still ;
Thy truth, be that our firmest stay ;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

Octavius B. Frothingham.

279 DIX. 7s, 6l.

Arr. fr. C. KOCHER (1786-1872).



- 2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.
- 3 For the joy of ear and eye,
For the heart and mind's delight,
For the mystic harmony
Linking sense to sound and sight,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.
- 4 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
Pleasures pure and undefiled,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.
- 5 For each perfect gift of thine
To our race so freely given,
Graces human and divine,
Flowers of earth and buds of heaven,
Father, unto thee we raise
This our grateful hymn of praise.

F. S. Pierpoint.

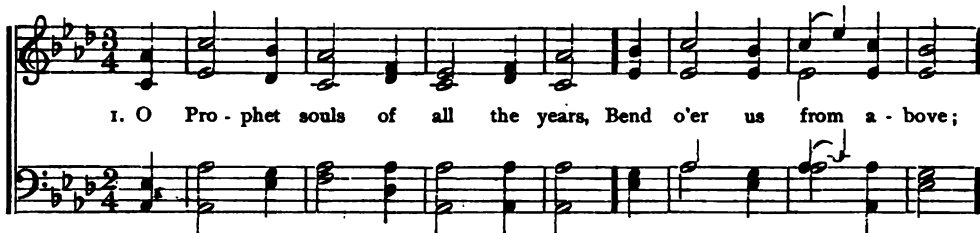
280 *Haste Not, Rest Not.*

- 1 Without haste and without rest:
Bind the motto to thy breast,
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom;
Bear it onward to the tomb.
- 2 Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar the spirit's steady speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might;
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.
- 3 Rest not—life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die;
Something worthy and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time:
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.
- 4 Haste not, rest not—calm in strife;
Meekly bear the storms of life;
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide;
Haste not, rest not; conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

Goethe, tr. C. C. Cox.

281 BALERMA. C. M.

Old Scotch Melody.



2 From tropic clime and zones of frost
They come, of every name,—
This, this our day of Pentecost,
The Spirit's tongue of flame.

3 The ancient barriers disappear:
Down bow the mountains high;
The sea-divided shores draw near
In a world's unity.

4 One Life together we confess,
One all-indwelling Word,
One holy Call to righteousness
Within the silence heard:

5 One Law that guides the shining spheres
As on through space they roll,
And speaks in flaming characters
On Sinais of the soul:

6 One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
An ever-flowing sea,
That holds within its vast embrace
Time and eternity.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our hearts to find,—

2 How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin!
Hail, Truth Divine! we know thee now;
Angel of God, come in.

3 Come, though with purifying fire
And desolating sword:
Thou of all nations the desire,
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

4 Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die!
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly!

5 Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father, in our brother's face,
Our Maker, in his poor.

6 Flood our dark life with golden day;
Convince, subdue, enthrall:
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all!

282 *For the Spirit of Truth.*

1 Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,

Eliza Scudder.

283 CONISTON. C. M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. We pray no more, made low - ly wise, For mir - a - cle and sign;
A - noint our eyes to see with - in The com - mon, the di - vine. A - MEN.

2 We turn from seeking thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

3 And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels thee ever near!

4 And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

284 *Be True.*

1 Be true to every inmost thought;
Be as thy thought thy speech;
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

2 Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

3 Show forth thy light! If conscience
gleam,
Cherish the rising glow:
The smallest spark may shed its beam
O'er thousand hearts below.

4 Face thou the wind, though safer seem
In shelter to abide.
We were not made to sit and dream:
The true must first be tried.

Henry Alford.

285 *In my Father's House.*

1 I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

2 The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there
Are living unto him.

3 And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

4 Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

5 Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

286 BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Teach me, my God and King, In all things thee to see;
And what I do in an - y thing, To do it as for thee. A - MEN.

- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do, be thou the way,—
In all be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine:
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

George Herbert.†

287 *Temperance Hymn.*

- 1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign
O'er the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—
For reason's life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

- 3 Mourn for the lost; but call,
Call to the strong, the free:
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And guard their liberty.
- 4 Mourn for the lost; but pray,
Pray to the Lord above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

Anon.

288 *In God's Care.*

- 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 3 His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

We slumber while the present calls,
But darkness grows with rest;
Wouldst thou see truth? To action wake,—
Do the divine behest.

NON.



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MEN.



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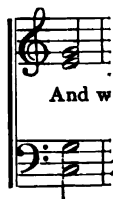
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286**BOYLSTON. S. M.****LOWELL MASON.**

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289 MORNINGTON. S. M.

Lord MORNINGTON.

1. My God, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care,

With hum-ble con - fi - dence look up, And know thou hear'st my pray'r. A - MEN.

- 2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill.
- 3 A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.
- 4 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly.
- 5 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 6 Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do,—
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew!

Charles Wesley.

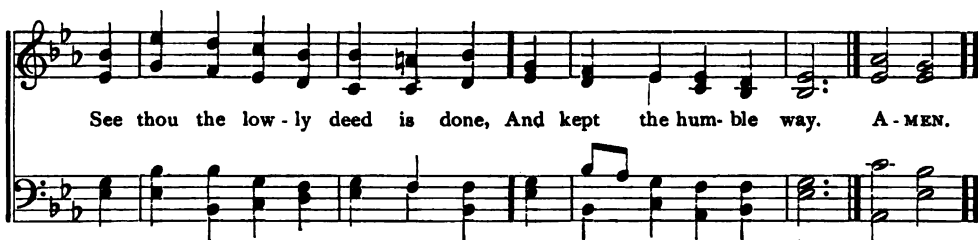
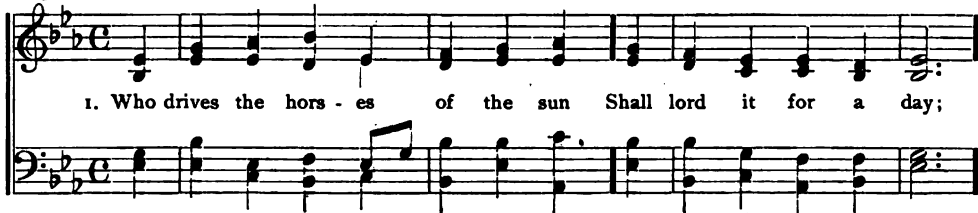
290 *Seedtime and Harvest.*

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale by plots 'tis found;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
- 4 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and wherever strown.
- 5 And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Anon.

291 DUNDEE. C. M.

Scotch Psalter.



2 The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
And none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

3 The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast,
That found the common daylight sweet,
And earned, at evening, rest.

John Vance Cheney.

292 *The Worship of Love.*

1 He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
For he hath offered to the Lord
Who giveth to his least.

2 He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us
He made and loveth all.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

293 *Hope.*

1 The world may change from old to new,
From new to old again;
Yet hope and heaven, for ever true,
Within man's heart remain.

2 The dreams that bless the weary soul,
The struggles of the strong,
Are steps toward some happy goal,
The story of hope's song.

3 Hope leads the child to plant the flower,
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfilment to her hour —
But prompts again to deed.

4 And ere upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through falling tears, to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

After Schiller. Sarah Flower Adams.

294 *Fruitful Seed.*

1 A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart.

2 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

3 O germ, O fount, O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

Charles Mackay.

295 AUSTRIA. 8, 7, D.

HAYDN.

1. God of a-ges and of na-tions | Ev'ry race, and ev-'ry time, Hath received thine inspi-ra-tions,
Glimpses of thy truth sub-lime. Ev-er spir-its, in rapt vision, Passed the heavenly veil with-in;
Ev-er hearts, bowed in con-tri-tion, Found sal-va-tion from their sin. A-MEN.

- 2 Reason's noble aspiration,
Truth in growing clearness saw;
Conscience spoke its condemnation,
Or proclaimed the Eternal Law.
While thine inward revelations [heard,
Told thy saints their prayers were
Prophets to the guilty nations
Spoke thine everlasting word.
- 3 Lord, that word abideth ever;
Revelation is not sealed;
Answering unto man's endeavor,
Truth and Right are still revealed.
That which came to ancient sages,
Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
Written in the heart's deep pages,
Shines today, forever new!

Samuel Longfellow.

Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
Offers each the bloom or blight,—
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.

- 2 Then to side with Truth is noble
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses,
While the coward stands aside,
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.

- 3 Though the cause of Evil prosper,
Yet 'tis Truth alone is strong;
Though her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be Wrong,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future,
And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above his own!

James Russell Lowell.

296 *The Choice.*

- 1 Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side;

297 RATHBUN. 8, 7, 8, 7.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - MEN.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me;
 Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring.

298 *The Conflict of Life.*

1 Onward, onward, though the region
 Where thou art be drear and lone;
 God hath set a guardian legion
 Very near thee,—press thou on!

2 By the thorn-road, and none other,
 Is the mount of vision won;
 Tread it without shrinking, brother!
 Jesus trod it,—press thou on!

3 By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
 Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
 Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver;
 Oh, for their sake, press thou on!

4 Be this world the wiser, stronger,
 For thy life of pain and peace;
 While it needs thee, oh, no longer
 Pray thou for thy quick release;

5 Pray thou undisheartened rather,
 That thou be a faithful son;
 By the prayer of Jesus,—“Father,
 Not my will, but thine, be done!”
 Samuel Johnson.

299 *Psalm of Life.*

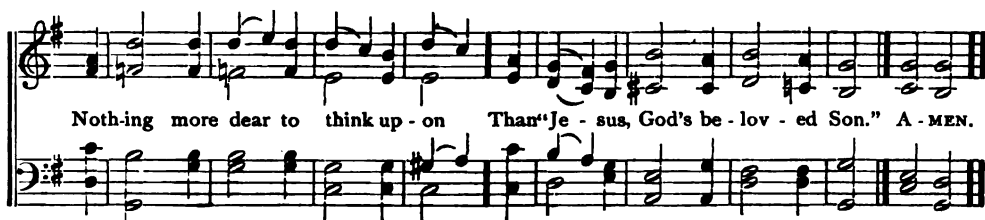
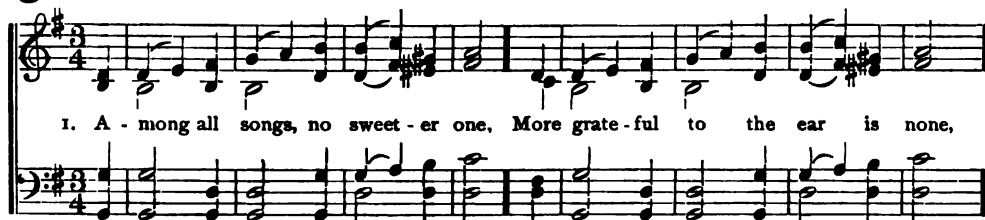
1 Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
 Life is but an empty dream;
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.

2 Life is real, life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal:
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
 Was not spoken of the soul.

3 Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end and way;
 But to act, that each tomorrow
 Finds us further than today

300 NEWTON. L. M.

REISSIGER.



2 No tongue in earth or heaven can tell,
No speech can ever syllable,
Faith only feels what raptures dwell
In hearts that love Immanuel.

3 Stay with us, Son of Righteousness!
Light with thy light our heaviness,
Dispel the gloomy night's distress,
And fill the world with blessedness.

Tr. St. Bernard. † 1153.

To Rathbun.

4 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

5 Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry W. Longfellow.

301 *Trust in God and do the Right.*

To Rathbun.

1 Courage, brother! do not stumble
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

2 Though the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight:
Foot it bravely — strong or weary:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

4 Simple rule and safest guiding,
Inward peace and inward light,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Norman Macleod.

302 *Be Frank and Fearless.*

To Rathbun.

1 He who has the truth, and keeps it,
Keeps what not to him belongs,
But performs a selfish action
That his fellow-mortal wrongs.

2 He who seeks the truth and trembles
At the dangers he must brave,
Is not fit to be a freeman,
He at best is but a slave.

3 Be thou like the noble ancient —
Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
Speak! no matter what betide thee;
Let them strike, but make them hear.

4 Be thou like the first apostles —
Be thou like heroic Paul;
If a free thought seek expression,
Speak it boldly — speak it all!

John G. Whittier.

303 ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arranged from HÄNDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na-ture sing, sing. And heav'n, and heav'n and na-ture sing. A-MEN.
And heav'n and na-ture sing,

- 2 Joy to the earth! the Father reigns:
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
As far as sin is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts.

304 *Mercy in All.*

To Federal St.

- 1 My God! I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe;

But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
Thy sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy, spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

- 4 Thy various messengers employ!
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will!

Andrews Norton.

305 FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. O'er the dark wave of Gal - i - lee The gloom of twi - light gath - ers fast,
And on the wa - ters drear - i - ly Descends the fit - ful eve - ning blast. A - MEN.

2 Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the
wind.

3 Why seeks he not a home of rest?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay his head.

4 Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

William Russell.

306*Gethsemane.*

- 1 A voice upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters
stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
"O Father, take this cup away!"
- 2 O Man of sorrow, meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.
- 3 Great Chief of faithful souls, arise!
None else can lead the martyr-band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When faith, unarmed, lifts up the
hand.

4 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
Oh, give the welcome of thy love!
Jas. Martineau.

307 *Christ's Example.*

- 1 O suffering friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!
- 2 Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting
foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee
rose.
- 3 Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came;
And though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn shuddering from the death of
shame?
- 4 Onward, like thee, through scorn and
dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread,
And rise through death to endless
day!

308 HORTON. 7.

Arr. by Dr. MASON.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home: Wea-ry pil - grim, hith - er come. A - MEN!

- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's
scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise;
- 4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,—
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?
- 5 Sinner, come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna L. Barbauld.

309 *Gethsemane and Calvary.*

- 1 When my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane!
- 2 There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless one,
Weeping, praying, there alone.

- 3 When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary! I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;
- 4 There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith;
Love triumphant still in death.
- 5 Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

J. R. Wreford, Alt. S. Longfellow.

310 *In Loving Reunion.*

- 1 Father, we thy promise claim,
We are met in thy great name;
In the midst do thou appear,
Manifest thy presence here.
- 2 Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe thy Spirit, give thy peace:
Thou thyself within us move,
Make this hour a feast of love.
- 3 Make us all in thee complete,
Make us all for glory meet,—
Meet to appear before thy sight,
Partners of the saints in light.

Methodist Coll.

311 THE OLD, OLD STORY. 7, 6, D.

CARL ECKERT.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, To lift my heart a - bove, Of Je - sus and his

SINGLE VOICE.
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love; Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply,

As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and way - ward, And oft am sin - de - filed.

IN HARMONY.
For I am weak and way - ward, And oft am sin - de - filed.

2 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave,
That I, like him, may struggle
For all that's high and brave;
Tell me the story, tell it,
To shame me from the fear
That God's own truth and beauty
Can ever cost too dear.

3 O ever tell the story,
The world has heard so long,
As fresh today as ever
To turn a heart from wrong;
Tell it in loving accents,
Tell it to every soul,
With thankful joy increasing,
As ages onward roll.

312 AUDITE AUDIENTES ME. C. M. D.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Voices in unison.

1. A - mid the din of earth-ly strife, A - mid the bus - y crowd, The whispers of e - ter-nal life

Voices in harmony.

Are lost in clam-ors loud; When lo! I find a heal-ing balm, The world grows dim to me;

My spir - it rests in sud - den calm With Christ in - Gal - i - lee. A - MEN.

- 2 I linger near him in the throng,
And listen to his voice;
I feel my weary soul grow strong,
My saddened heart rejoice.
Amid the storms that darkly frown
I hear his whisper sweet,
And lay my heavy burden down
At his beloved feet.

Henry W. Hawkes.

The kind, the true, the brave, the
sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

- 2 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But, oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

313 *The Departed.*

Or to Auld Lang Syne, No. 348.

- 1 It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,

- 3 More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them is not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God for evermore!

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314 GOULD. C. M.

J. E. GOULD.

I. Calm, on the lis - t'ning ear of night, Come heaven's me - lo - dious strains;

Where wild Ju - de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver-man - tled plains. A - MEN.

2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Dayspring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

6 Light on thy hills, Jerusalem!
The Saviour now is born! [plains,
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Edmund Hamilton Sears.

Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

3 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

316 *Seed and Fruit.*

1 The bud will soon become a flower,
The flower become a seed:
Then seize, O youth, the present hour;
Of that thou hast most need.

2 Do thy best always,— do it now,—
For in the present time,
As in the furrows of a plough,
Fall seeds of worth or crime.

3 The sun and rain will ripen fast
Each seed that thou hast sown;
And every act and word at last
Will by its fruits be known.

Jones Very.

315 *Christmas Day.*

1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;

317 REQUIEM. 4s, 6s, 8L

J. BARNBY.

1. Loved one, fare - well! Though no more we view thee, All, all is well;
We shall jour - ney to thee. This house of clay, Now for - ev - er
leav - ing, Thy soul to - day. Light of heaven re - ceiv - ing. A - MEN.

2 Life soon is o'er,
Brief is all our weeping;
They weep no more
Who in death are sleeping;
Thou art set free!
Though our hearts are sighing;
Loved one, with thee
There is no more dying.

3 Earth fades away,
Fades its sin and sadness;
Heaven's glorious day
Floods thy soul with gladness.
Father of Love!
Comfort those now weeping;
Here and above,
All are in thy keeping.

Words from Amore Dei.

318 *The Rest That Remains.*

1 Rest, spirit, rest,
Free from care and sorrow;
Upon God's breast,
Through th' eternal morrow.

Rest, sweetly rest,
Death no more shall sever;
No more distressed,
All is well forever.

2 Rest, spirit free,
In green pastures feeding,
With all the flock,
The good Shepherd leading.
The souls are blest
In that home abiding;
In him they rest,
In his love confiding.

3 Life's night is past,
All its care and sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns the day of gladness.
God's blessed voice
Comforts those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice, —
All are in his keeping.

Edward A. Dayman and A. G. R. †

319

New Year.

S. M. To Laban, No. 225.
or Boylston, No. 286.

- 1 Across the snow-clad waste
The dead year's knell is tolled,
And clanging through the star-lit night
The new year's welcome rolled.
- 2 Wayfarers on the path
That leads through earth to heaven,
Our thanks, our prayers, our hopes
once more,
To thee, O God, are given.
- 3 For visions bright and dear,
Though veiled to earthly sight,
Still gleam from happy days gone by,
With love's immortal light.
- 4 They bless with peace divine
The pilgrim's rugged way,
And o'er the strife of mortal life
They pour a softening ray.
- 5 Within the mists of time
The old year fades from view,
And o'er the world in glory streams
The sunshine of the new.
- 6 Rejoice! Redeem the time,
While seasons rise and fall,
And work and pray, and trust always,
For God is over all.

A. N. Blatchford.

320

Another Year.

To Arlington, No. 82.

- 1 Another year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By Winter's snow concealed.
- 2 Another year of Summer's glow,
Of Autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

- 3 Another year of happy work,
That better is than play;
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.
- 4 Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessed ways;
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's
dream,
And poet's tender lays.
- 5 Another year at Beauty's feast,
At every moment spread;
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.
- 6 Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod;
Another year of life's delight;
Another year of God!

John W. Chadwick.

321

Dedication.

To Hummel, No. 263.

- 1 The forests gave their oak and pine,
The hills their stone and clay,
And fashioned by the builder's art,
Our temple stands today.
- 2 Behold in beauty and in strength,
Attained the vision fair;
This blessing from above bestowed
In answer to our prayer.
- 3 Except the Lord have built the house
We labored but in vain;
O may his Spirit fill the place
And consecrate this fane!
- 4 To Christ-like service, lofty faith,
Undying hope of heaven;
To righteousness and truth and love,
Be this fair temple given.
- 5 Descend then, Spirit of the Lord!
Reveal thy holy ways;
Our glad and grateful hearts respond
With reverence, love, and praise.

Chas. W. Wendte.

322

On the Mount.

To Hebron, No. 207.

- 1 Not always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.
- 2 Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power;
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways.
- 3 The mount for vision — but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

323

Anniversary.

To Ellers, No. 30.

- 1 A goodly tree our fathers planted here,
Their faithful hearts commingling
hopes and fears.
How brave to us doth now its strength
appear,
Ringed with the growth of many fruit-
ful years!
- 2 Its tonic leaves have for our healing
been,
We have been grateful for its pleasant
shade;
And cheerful songs from out its glim-
mering sheen
Have for our hearts a pleasant music
made.
- 3 Many the days of sunshine it has known,
Many the storms which have its vigor
tried.
Through storm and sunshine it has
sturdier grown,
And flung its branches wider and
more wide.
- 4 Sweet has its fruitage been for fainting
men
Whose souls were hungry for the
living bread,
Eating whereof and taking heart again,
Upon God's errands swift their feet
have sped.

- 5 Long may its strength endure, its span
increase, [fair;
Its blossom laugh, its fruit be large and
Deep in its heart be heard the song of
peace, [air!
And heaven bathe it with its purest
John White Chadwick.

324

At a Funeral.

To St. Agnes, No. 128.

- 1 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now:
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
- 2 Dust, to its narrow house beneath;
Soul, to its home on high:
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.
- 3 Lone are the paths and sad the hours,
Since thy dear form is gone;
But oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own.

Felicía D. Hemans.

325

*The Lord's Prayer.*To "Almost Persuaded," Gospel Hymns, No. 75, and
The Carol, p. 63.

- 1 Father in Heaven, hear us today: [pray!
Hallowed thy name be; hear us we
Oh, let thy kingdom come!
Oh, let thy will be done
By all below the sun,
As in the skies.
- 2 Father in heaven, hear us today;
Hallowed thy name be; hear us, we
pray!
Giver of daily food,
Fountain of truth and good,
Be all our hearts imbued
With love like thine.
- 3 Father in heaven, hear us today;
Hallowed thy name be; hear us we
pray!
Lead us in paths of right,
Save us from sin and blight,
King of all love and might,
Glorious for aye.

Chas. G. Ames.

SONGS OF JOY AND SOCIAL DUTY.

326 DOST THOU HEAR THE BUGLE SOUNDING?

May also be sung to Greenville.

BERNHARD KLEIN.

1. Dost thou hear the bu - gle sound - ing, Call - ing thee to take the field?
2. If from off the field thou fli - est, E - ven thus thou art a foe:

'Tis a bat - tle all are wag - ing: Thou must fight or thou must yield.
Who for truth no sword up - lift - eth, He for er - ror strikes a blow.

'Tis the bat - tle of the a - ges: No man may the gage re - fuse.
He who brave - ly fights must con - quer; None can e'er de - feat - ed be;

Fight on one side or the oth - er, No man can de - cline to choose.
For, to sol - diers in God's bat - tles, Death it - self is vic - to - ry.

327 WELCOME! WELCOME!

From Morning Stars.
German Air.

1. Welcome, wel - come is the greet - ing Which this day we give our friends; Joy - ous.
 2. Love is still our rich - est treas - ure, Cast - ing out each earth-born fear; Let the
 3. Like the sun, our feel - ings glow - ing, Clothe these hap - py hours in light; Like the
 4. Shin - ing truth and heav'nly glad - ness Quick - en ev - 'ry soul with love; Gild the

joy - ous is the meet - ing Which their kind - ly pres - ence lends.
 smile of so - cial pleas - ure Beam on all who gath - er here.
 sun, when we are go - ing, Let us leave a radiance bright.
 twi - light hour of sad - ness With a ra - diance from a - bove.

CHORUS.

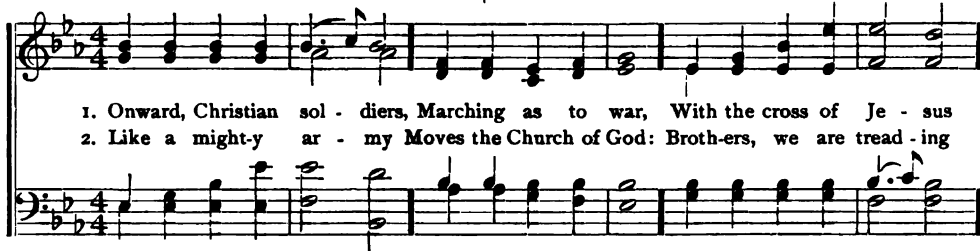
Hands of cheer and hearts sin - cere, Find we in our com - rades here,

As we fol - low day by day, In the right - eous way.

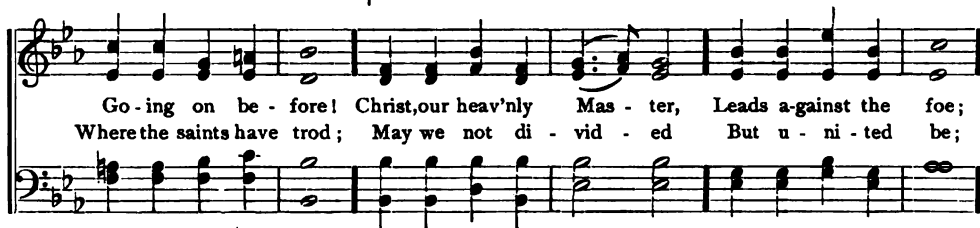
J. Vila Blake, Tr.

328 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

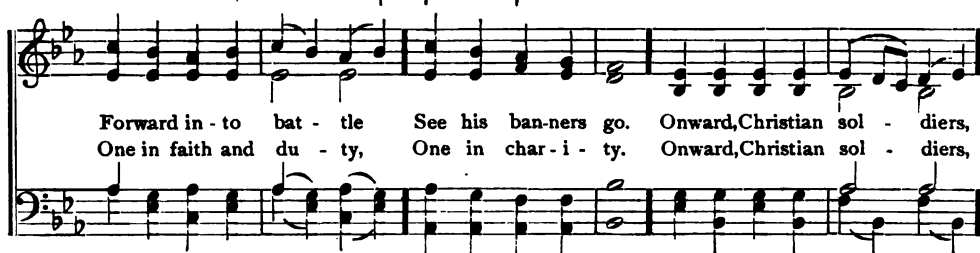
St. Gertrude.
Sir ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



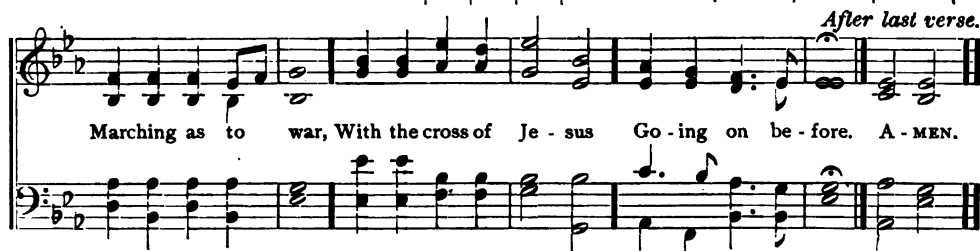
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God: Broth-ers, we are tread - ing



Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, our heav'nly Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; May we not di - vid - ed But u - ni - ted be;



Forward in - to bat - tle See his ban - ners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,
One in faith and du - ty, One in char - i - ty. Onward, Christian sol - diers,



Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

3 Onward, then ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In triumphant song!
Glory, praise, and honor,
Unto God, our King,—
This, through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
Truth and Love and Duty
Star-like will remain,
As the heavens ancient,
As the heavens strong,—
God is for us, brothers,
Who can do us wrong?
Onward, Christian soldiers, etc.

S. Baring-Gould.†

329 FORWARD! BE OUR WATCHWORD.

"St. Theresa."

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

VOICES IN UNISON.

1. For-ward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi - ces joined; Seek the things be -
 2. Glo - ries up - on glo - ries Hath our God pre - pared, By the souls that
 3. Far o'er yon hor - i - zon Rise the cit - y tow'rs, Where our God a -

fore us, Not a look be - hind. Burns the fi - ery pil - lar At our army's head;
 love him One day to be shared. Eye hath not be - held them, Ear hath nev - er heard;
 bid - eth: That fair home is ours. Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold;

Who shall dream of shrink - ing, By our Cap - tain led? For - ward, out of er - ror,
 Nor of these hath ut - tered Tho't or speech a word. For - ward, marching eastward
 Flows the gladd'ning riv - er Shedding joys un - told. Thith - er, on - ward thith - er,

UNISON.

Leave behind the night; Forward thro' the dark-ness, For - ward in - to light!
Where the heav'n is bright, Till the veil be lift - ed, Till our faith be sight!
In the Spir - it's might, Pil-grims to your coun-try, For - ward in - to light!

Henry Alford.

330 OUR FATHER'S FAITH. 8, 7, D.

German Air.

1. { Our fa - thers' faith, we sing of thee, Dear faith, which still we cher ish;
Nor may their chil - dren's chil - dren see That faith de - cay and per - ish.

'Tis faith in man, 'tis faith in God, 'Tis faith in truth and beau - ty,

In freedom's might, and rea - son's right, And all - con - troll - ing du - ty.

- 2 We may not think our fathers' thought:
Their creeds our lips may alter;
But in the faith they dearly bought
Our hearts shall never falter.
'Twas faith in man, etc.
- 3 O may that faith our hearts inspire
To earnest thought and labor;
That we may share its heavenly fire
With every friend and neighbor.
'Tis faith in man, etc.

331 ROBINSON. C. M. D.Traditional.
Arranged by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Our fa - thers were high-minded men, Who firm - ly kept the faith, To free-dom and to
conscience true, In dan - ger and in death. Nor should their deeds be e'er for - got,
For no-ble men were they, Who struggled hard for sacred rights, And bravely won the day. A - MEN.

2 For all they suffered, little cared
Those earnest men and wise;
Their zeal for Christ, their love of truth,
Made them the shame despise.
Great names had they, but greater souls,
True heroes of their age,
That like a rock in stormy seas,
Defied opposing rage.

3 And such as our forefathers were,
May we their children be;
And in our hearts their spirit live,
That baffled tyranny.
Then we'll uphold the cause of truth,
The cause of mercy, too;
To toil or suffer for the right
Is the noblest thing to do.

H. M. Gunn.

332 *From More to More.*

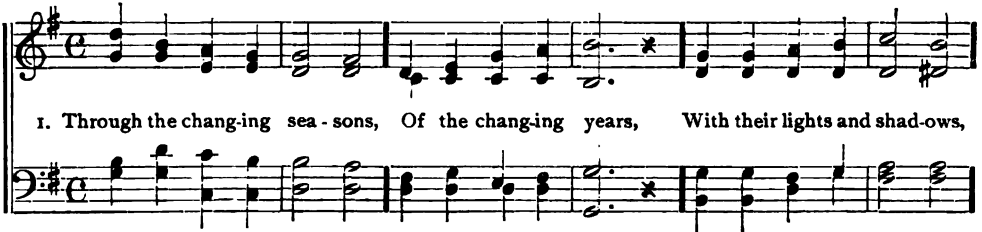
1 We limit not the truth of God
To our poor reach of mind,
By notions of our day and sect,
Crude, partial, and confined.
No, let a new and better hope
Within our hearts be stirred;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

2 Who dares to bind to his dull sense
The oracles of heaven,
For all the nations, tongues, and climes,
And all the ages given?
That universe, how much unknown!
That ocean unexplored!
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

3 Darkling our great forefathers went
The first steps of the way;
'Twas but the dawning, yet to grow
Into the perfect day.
And grow it shall; our glorious Sun
More fervid rays afford;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

4 The valleys past, ascending still
Our souls would higher climb,
And look down from supernal heights
On all the bygone time.
Upward we press; the air is clear,
And the sphere-music heard;
The Lord hath yet more light and truth
To break forth from his word.

G. Rawson.

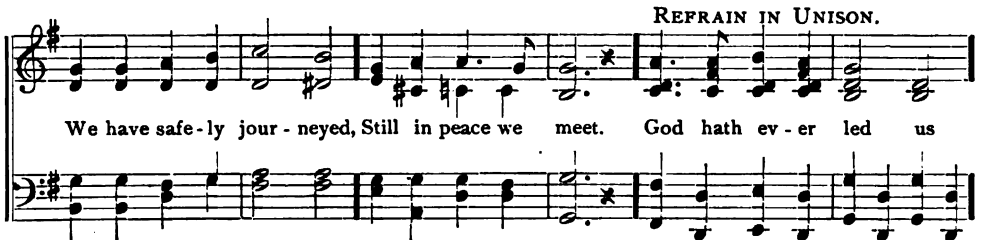
333 ANNIVERSARY. LOS ANGELES. 6, 5, D.


1. Through the chang-ing sea - sons, Of the chang-ing years, With their lights and shad-ows,



With their hopes and fears; Through each glad ful - fil - ment And each sad de - feat,

REFRAIN IN UNISON.



We have safe-ly jour - neyed, Still in peace we meet. God hath ev - er led us



Through each changing year; By his guid-ing prov - i - dence We as - sem - ble here

2 Records past and present
We may now survey,
At this pleasant milestone
In life's onward way:—
Knowledge claims new power,
Truth her might extends,
And our cause still knoweth
New and loyal friends. REF.

3 From this festal service
To our work anew,
With a quickened purpose,
Hearts both strong and true,—
Father, lead thy forces—
One united band—
Ever on to victory,
March we, hand in hand. REF.

334 THE ROSE IS QUEEN. C. M.

Rev. C. W. WENDTE.

1. The rose is queen a-mong the flowers, None other is so fair; The lil - y nod-ding
 2. But sweet - er than the lil - y's breath, And than the rose more fair, The ten - der love of
 3. The rose will fade and fall a - way, The lil - y too will die; But love shall live for
 4. Then sweeter than the lil - y's breath, And than the rose more fair, The ten - der love of

on her stem With fragrance fills the air; The lily nodding on her stem With fragrance fills the air.
 human hearts, That springeth everywhere; The tender love of human hearts, That springeth everywhere.
 ev-er-more, Be-yond the starry sky; But love shall live for ev-er-more Be-yond the starry sky.
 human hearts, Upspringing every-where; The tender love of human hearts Up-springing every-where.

From "The Sunnyside," by permission of Messrs. W. A. Pond & Co.

Fred'k L. Hosmer.

335*Easter Carol.*To Los Angeles, or to
Onward Christian Soldiers, No. 328.

- 1 God hath sent his angels
 To the earth again,
 Bringing joyful tidings
 To the sons of men.
 They who first at Christmas
 Thronged the heavenly way
 Now beside the tomb-door
 Sit on Easter Day.

REF. Angels, sing his triumph,
 As you sang his birth,
 "Christ the Lord is risen,
 "Peace, good-will on earth."

- 2 In the dreadful desert,
 Where the Lord was tried,
 There the faithful angels
 Gathered at his side,
 And when, in the garden,
 Grief and pain and care
 Bowed him down with anguish,
 They were with him there.

- 3 Yet the Christ they honor
 Is the same Christ still,
 Who in light and darkness
 Did his Father's will;
 And the tomb, deserted,
 Shineth like the sky,
 Since he passed out from it
 Into victory.
- 4 God has still his angels,
 Helping, at his word,
 All his faithful children,
 Like their faithful Lord,
 Soothing them in sorrow,
 Arming them in strife,
 Opening wide the tomb-doors,
 Leading into life.
- 5 Father, send thine angels
 Unto us, we pray;
 Leave us not to wander
 All along our way.
 Let them guard and guide us,
 Whereso'er we be,
 Till our resurrection
 Brings us home to thee.

336 ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.

German.

1. { O nev - er de - spair at the troub - les of life; All's right! }
 { A - midst all anx - i - e - ty, per - il, and strife, All's right! }
 2. { The pi - lot be - side us is steer - ing us still: All's right! }
 { The Fa - ther a - bove us is guard - ing from ill; All's right! }

O trust - ful - ness, cheer - ful - ness, nev - er were wrong. I'll make it my glo - ry, my
 I will not go tremb - ling in fear to the end, But trust - ful and cheer - ful, on
 strength and my song: All ev - er and ev - er is right; All ev - er and ev - er is right!
 him I de - pend. All ev - er and ev - er is right; All ev - er and ev - er is right!

From Unity Songs and Services. By permission.

J. Vila Blake.

337

Sweet Evening Hour.

To "Sweet Hour of Prayer," Gospel Hymns, No. 77.

- 1 Sweet evening hour! Sweet evening hour!
 That calms the air and shuts the flower,
 That brings the wild bird to its nest,
 The infant to its mother's breast.
 O time of softest sounds and hues,
 Of twilight walks among the dews,
 Of feelings calm and converse sweet,
 And thoughts too sacred to repeat.
- 2 Sweet evening hour! Sweet evening hour!
 Who hath not felt thy gentle power
 Uplift his soul, in holy love,
 To thoughts of God and heaven above?
 O may through thee our faith increase,
 Our hearts be filled with heaven's own peace;
 And may thy gracious influence give
 New strength a nobler life to live.

338 FAREWELL HYMN. COVENANT. 6, 6, 8, 4, D. Sir JOHN STAINER.

1. With the sweet word of peace We bid our brethren go; Peace, as a riv-er to increase,
And cease-less flow. With the calm word of prayer We ear-nest-ly com-mend
Our breath- ren to thy watch-ful care, E-ter-nal Friend. A-MEN.

2 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell:
Our love below, and thine above,
With them shall dwell.
With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on thee:
That thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

3 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joys beyond the scope
Of earth-born dream.
Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer;
Till he whose home is ours above
Unite us there!

George Watson.†

BENEDICTION.

Let the words of my mouth and the med-i-ta-tions of my heart be ac-
cept-a-ble in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Re-deem-er. A-MEN.

339 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

R. LOWRY.†

1. I need thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord: No ten - der voice like thine
Can peace af - ford. I need thee,—oh, I need thee! Ev - 'ry hour I
need thee; Oh, bless me now, my Fa - ther! I come to thee!

2 I need thee every hour,
Stay thou near by:
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

REF. I need thee, etc.

3 I need thee every hour,
In joy, in pain:
My life must hide in thee,
Or life is vain.

REF. I need thee, etc.

4 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One,
At last, at last, to be
Thy faithful son!

REF. I need thee, etc.

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340 What Shall the Harvest Be.

Gospel Hymns, No. 79. The Carol, p. 116.

1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHO. Sown in the darkness or sown in
the light,

Sown in our weakness or sown
in our might,

Gathered in time or eternity,

Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be!

2 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHO. Sown in the darkness, etc.

3 Sowing the seed of the holier heart,
Sowing in hope till the flower-germs
start,

Sowing the good till the darkest sod
Breaks into bloom in the life of God;

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHO. Sown in the darkness, etc.

Emily S. Oakley†

Digitized by

341

Hope.

To "Work for the Night is Coming," The Carol, p. 135.

- 1 Hope, for the day is dawning,
Dawning to fade no more:
Bright shines the peaceful haven,
Where earth's shades are o'er.
Hope when the way is lonely:
Hope when the heart is sad:
Hope for the light that maketh
Earth's night watchers glad.

- 2 Hope, for a mighty army,
Conquering, have gone before:
Hope, for they wait to greet us
On the victor's shore.
Hope, with a brave endeavor
All things to do or bear:
Hope for the heavenly country:—
No more crosses there.

- 3 Hope, for the Father leads us
Onward through good or ill:
Hope with a trustful spirit,
Waiting for his will.
Hope till the morning shineth,
Hope till the night is o'er,
When, with the perfect seeing,
Hope shall be no more.

John P. Hopps.

342 *A Christmas Carol.*

To Beecher, No. 77.

- 1 Gentle Jesus, pure and holy,
Once thou wert a little child,
Cradled in a manger lowly,
O'er it watched thy mother mild.
So while Mary, bending o'er thee,
Waited for the coming morn,
Angels sang the joyous story:
"Lo! The Prince of Peace is born!"
- 2 High in heaven's blue deep above thee,
Rose that bright and morning star;
As the wise men knelt before thee,
Bringing treasures from afar;
While the happy shepherds following
Where the angels led the way;
At the shrine they knelt adoring,
Where the babe in beauty lay.

- 3 Gentle Jesus, pure and holy,
Still the angels lead to thee;
And the children follow gladly
To the child of Galilee.
Like the wise men, gifts we bring
thee,
Like the shepherds, we adore,
Like the angels, songs we sing thee,
Love and praise forever more.

Chas. W. Wendte.

"God's benison be with thee! and with
those
That would make good of bad, and
friends of foes."

343 *The Crowning Day.*

To Gospel Hymns, No. 416.

- 1 The morning hangs its signal
Upon the mountain's crest,
While all the sleeping valleys
In silent darkness rest;
From peak to peak it flashes,
It laughs along the sky
That the crowning day is coming
by and by.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by;
We can see the rose of morning,
A glory in the sky.
And that splendor on the hill-tops
O'er all the land shall lie
In the crowning day that's com-
ing by and by.

- 2 Above the generations
The lonely prophets rise—
The truth flings dawn and day-star
Within their glowing eyes;
From heart to heart it brightens,
It draweth ever nigh,
Till it crowneth all men thinking, by
and by.

REF. Oh, the crowning, etc.

3 The soul hath lifted moments
 Above the drift of days,
 When life's great meaning breaketh
 In sunrise on our ways;
 From hour to hour it haunts us,
 The vision draweth nigh,
 Till it crowneth living, dying, by
 and by.

REF. Oh, the crowning, etc.

4 And in the sunrise standing,
 Our kindling hearts confess
 That no good thing is failure,
 No evil thing success.
 From age to age it groweth,
 That radiant Faith so high,
 And its crowning day is coming by
 and by.

REF. Oh, the crowning, etc.
 Wm. C. Gannett.

344

Kind Words.

Music in The Carol, p. 112.

1 Kind words can never die;
 Cherished and blest,
 God knows how deep they lie,
 Stored in the breast;
 Like childhood's simple rhymes,
 Said o'er a thousand times,
 And in all years and climes
 Distant and near.
 Kind words can never die,
 No, never die.

2 Sweet thoughts can never die;
 Though, like the flowers,
 Their brightest hues may fly
 In wintry hours;
 But when the gentle dew
 Gives them their charms anew,
 With many an added hue
 They bloom again.
 Sweet thoughts can never die,
 No, never die.

3 Childhood can never die;
 Wrecks of the past
 Float o'er the memory,
 Bright to the last.

Many a happy thing,
 Many a daisy spring,
 Float o'er time's ceaseless wing,
 Far, far away.
 Childhood can never die,
 No, never die.

4 Our souls can never die,
 Though in the tomb
 Our mortal bodies lie,
 Wrapped in its gloom.
 E'en though the flesh decay,
 Souls pass in peace away,
 Live through eternal day
 With God above.
 Our souls can never die,
 No, never die.

Julia W. Sampson.

345

The Day of God.

To "Hold the Fort," Gospel Hymns, No. 14, and The
 Carol, p. 81.

1 Lo! the day of God is breaking;
 Light is in the sky!
 See the world to life awaking;
 Morning draweth nigh!

REF. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Eden comes again;
 Glory, glory in the highest,
 God will dwell with men!

2 Now the powers of wrong and dark-
 ness
 Lose their stolen crown;
 Now the foot of the archangel
 Treads the dragon down. REF.

3 Ancient forms of woe and error
 Flee before the light;
 And the cruel creeds of terror
 Vanish with the night. REF.

4 He will give us songs for sadness;
 Wipe our tears away;
 Turn our mourning into gladness,
 And our night to day. REF.

Chas. G. Ames.

346 WHEN FOR ME THE SILENT OAR. 7, 7, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7. German.

1. When for me the si - lent oar Parts the si - lent riv - er,

And I stand up - on the shore Of the strange for - ev - er,—

Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain - ly seek mine own?

Shall I miss the loved and known? Shall I vain - ly seek my own?

2 Can the bonds that make us here
Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away like foliage sere
At life's inner portal?

||: What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow. :||

3 He who plants within our hearts
All this deep affection,
Giving when the form departs
Fadeless recollection,

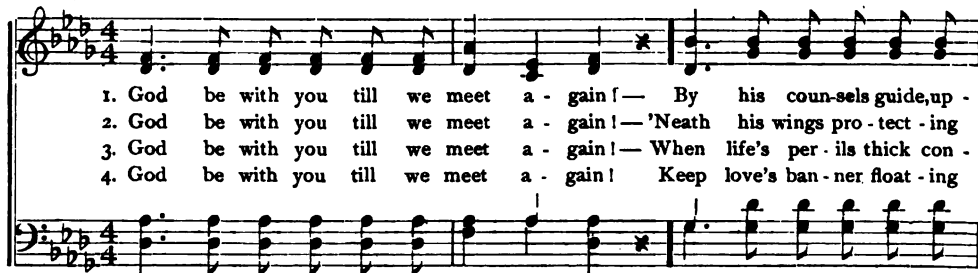
||: Will but clasp th'unbroken chain,
Closer when we meet again. :||

4 Therefore dread I not to go
O'er the silent river;
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
Bear me, thou life-giver,
:|| Through the waters to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before. :||

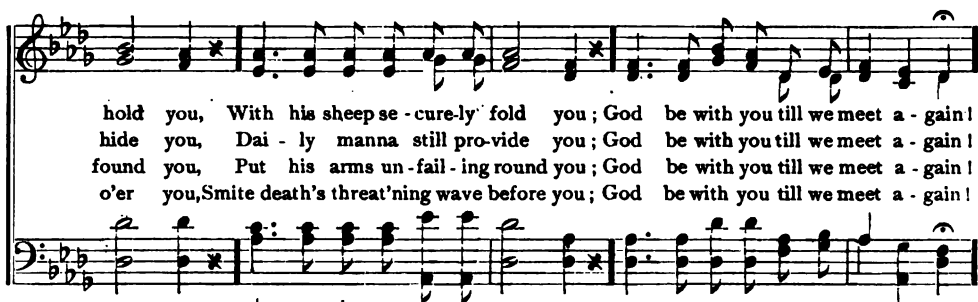
Lucy Larcom.

347 CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SONG.

W. G. TOMER.



1. God be with you till we meet a - gain! — By his coun-sels guide, up -
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain! — 'Neath his wings pro - tect - ing
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain! — When life's per - ils thick con -
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain! Keep love's ban - ner float - ing



hold you, With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 hide you, Dai - ly manna still pro - vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 found you, Put his arms un - fail - ing round you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a - gain!

CHORUS.



Till we meet! . . . Till we meet! Till we meet in un - ion sweet; Till we
 Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain! Till we meet!

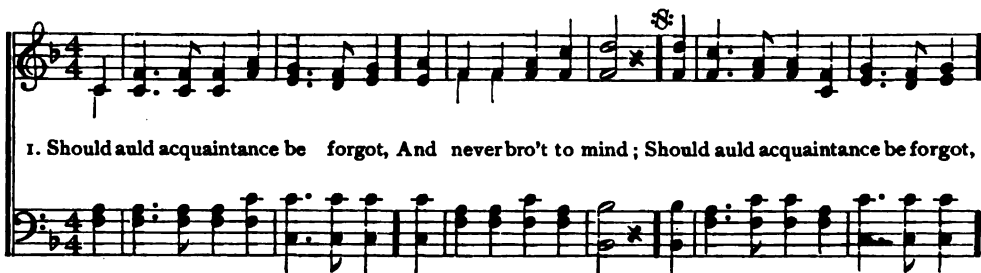
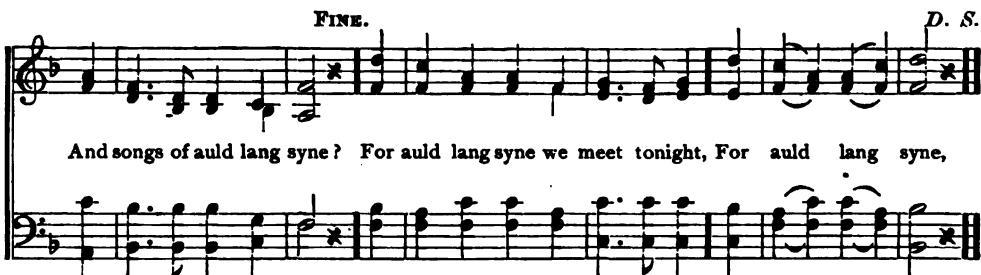


meet! . . . Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we meet!

J. E. Rankin.

348 AULD LANG SYNE.

Scottish Air.

*To sing the songs our fathers sang**In days of auld lang syne.*

2 We've passed through many varied scenes,

Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends and hopes and happy dreams

Time's hand hath swept away;
And voices that once joined with ours,
In days of auld lang syne,
Are silent now, and blend no more
In songs of auld lang syne.

3 But when we cross the sea of life,
And reach the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,
Transcending those of yore:
We'll meet to sing diviner strains
Than those of auld lang syne;
Immortal songs of praise, unknown
In days of auld lang syne.

Anon.

349 *Brotherly Love.*

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word:
When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

2 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide
And show a brother's love!
Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain

350 FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

German.

1. Be thou faith - ful un - to death! Be thou faith - ful un - to death!

Let no threat'ning ill ap - pal thee, Trust in God what - e'er be - fall thee,

Serve him with thy lat - est breath, Be thou faith - ful un - to death!

2 Be thou faithful unto death!
 Be thou faithful unto death!
 Men may praise thee, men may jeer thee,
 Ever keep in sight to cheer thee
 What the heavenly Master saith,
 Be thou faithful unto death!

3 Be thou faithful unto death!
 Be thou faithful unto death!
 Let not loss or suff'ring rue thee,
 God at last will triumph through thee,
 Crown thee with the victor's wreath;
 Be thou faithful unto death!

From The Carol, by permission of The John Church Co.

35 I O STAR OF TRUTH. 7, 6, D.

CONRADIN KREUTZER.

May also be sung to Webb, No. 102.

1. O star of Truth, down shin - ing Through clouds of doubt and fear, I

ask but 'neath thy guid - ance My path-way may ap - pear. How - ev - er long the

jour - ney, How hard so - e'er it be, Though I be lone and wea - ry, Lead

on, I'll fol - low thee! Lead on, I'll fol - low thee!

Lead on, I'll fol - low thee!

2 The bleeding feet of martyrs
Thy toilsome road have trod;
But fires of human passion
May light the way to God.
Then, though my feet should falter,
While I thy beams can see,
Though I be lone and weary,
Lead on, I'll follow thee!

3 Though loving friends forsake me,
Or plead with me in tears;
Though angry foes may threaten,
To shake my soul with fears;
Still to my high allegiance
I must not faithless be;
Through life and death, forever
Lead on, I'll follow thee!

Minot J. Savage.

352 SO HERE HATH BEEN DAWNING.

From "Ethical Songs"
E. JOSEPHINE TROUP.

1. So here hath been dawn - ing An - oth - er blue day: Think, wilt thou
2. So here hath been dawn - ing An - oth - er blue day: Think, wilt thou

let it slip, Use - less a - way? Out of e - ter - ni - ty This new day is born;
let it slip, Use - less a - way? Be-hold it a - fore-time No eye ev - er did; So

In - to e - ter - ni - ty At night will re - turn. So here hath been
soon it for - ev - er From all eyes is hid. So here hath been

dawn - ing An - oth - er blue day, Think, wilt thou let it slip Use - less a - way?

353 VIGIL. 8, 8, 8, 8, 8, 10, 11.

German Air.

f

1. The sol - dier keeps his wake - ful watch While wea - ried com - rades sleep a - round,
2. As faith - ful sol - diers let us watch For sin, our strong and bit - ter foe,

With ea - ger eyes and ears, to catch Of stealth - y foe - men sight or sound.
Lest he an ea - sy vic - t'ry snatch, Break through our guard, and lay us low.

p

Then let me watch when danger's nigh; Then let me watch when danger's nigh; God help us

f

all to watch; to watch and to pray; God help us all to watch, and guard thou our way.

3 The sailor keeps his wakeful watch
When billows rise and tempests roar,
With straining eyes the light to catch,
Which warn him from the dangerous
Then let us watch, etc. [shore.

4 For, like the sailor, we are borne
Through storm and calm, across the
sea;
God fills our sails and drives us on,
To land us in eternity.
Then let us watch, etc.

5 In roaring winds and raging seas,
By stormy day and dreary night,
Supported by thy promises,
I'll watch and work with all my might.
Then let us watch, etc.

6 Land me, O Lord, in safety there,
And all my dangerous way attend;
Then praise shall leave no room for
prayer,
And my long watch shall have an end.
Then let us watch, etc.

354 I LIVE FOR THOSE WHO LOVE ME.

HOFFER.
German.

1. I live forthose who love me, Forthose I know are true: For Heav'n that smiles a -

bove me, And a-waits my spir - it too; For hu - man ties that bind me, For the

task that God as - signed me, For the bright hopes left be - hind me, And the

good that I can do; For the bright hopes left be - hind me, And the good that I can do.

2 I live to hail the season,
By prophet minds foretold,
When men shall rule by reason,
And never more by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
||: The whole world shall be lighted
With love that ne'er grows old. :||

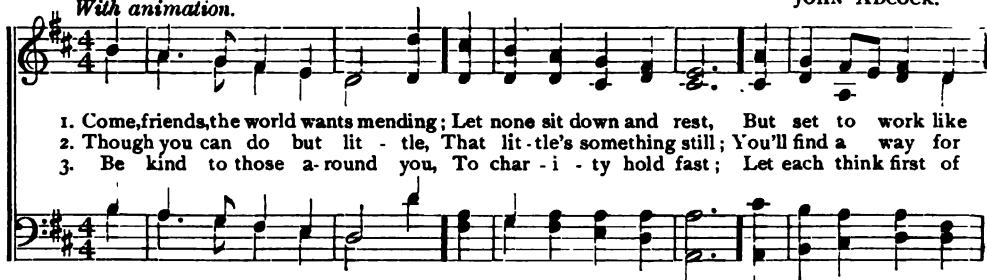
3 I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union,
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
For wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
||: For the dawning, in the distance,
And the good that I can do. :||

G. L. Banks.†

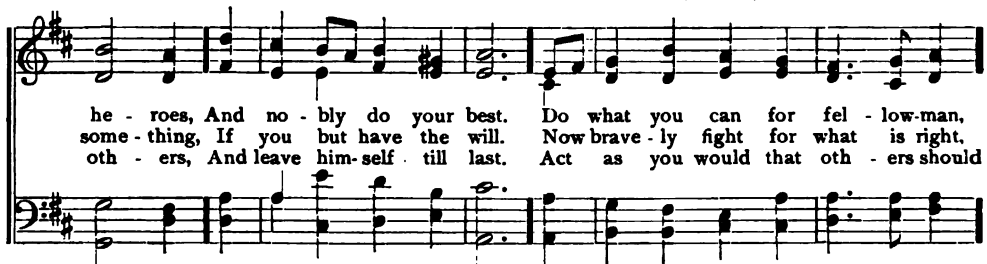
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355 COME, FRIENDS, THE WORLD WANTS MENDING. 7, 6, D.

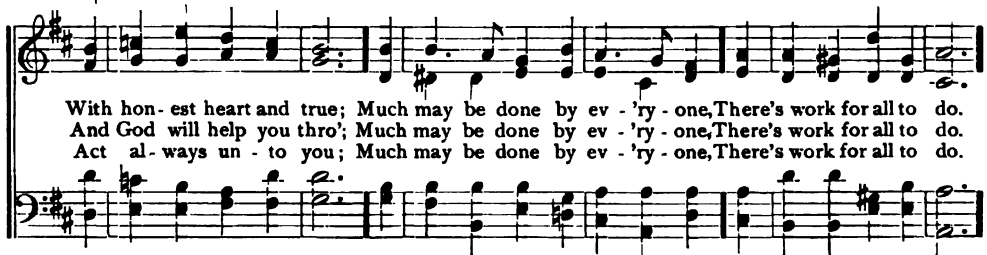
JOHN ADCOCK.

With animation.


1. Come, friends, the world wants mending; Let none sit down and rest, But set to work like
 2. Though you can do but lit - tle, That lit - tle's something still; You'll find a way for
 3. Be kind to those a-round you, To char - i - ty hold fast; Let each think first of



he - roes, And no - bly do your best. Do what you can for fel - low-man,
 some - thing, If you but have the will. Now brave - ly fight for what is right,
 oth - ers, And leave him - self till last. Act as you would that oth - ers should



With hon - est heart and true; Much may be done by ev - 'ry - one, There's work for all to do.
 And God will help you thro'; Much may be done by ev - 'ry - one, There's work for all to do.
 Act al - ways un - to you; Much may be done by ev - 'ry - one, There's work for all to do.



Come, friends, the world wants mend - ing; Let none sit down and rest,



But set to work like he - roes, And no - bly do your best.

356 ROUSE UP TO WORK. P. M.

CHAS. W. WENDTE.

1. Rouse up to work that waits for us, O spend-thrifts of to-day!
 2. Shake off the sloth that fet-ters us, Put on the will that wins;
 3. No no-bler he-ro in the fight, Since bat-tle-fields be-gan,
 4. So work while day is pass-ing; And at life's set-ting sun,

We'll make our dai-ly rec-ord A grand one while we may.
 The bat-tle, for the ear-nest, In their own heart be-gins.
 Than he who serves the right cause, And does the best he can.
 When all our sheaves are gath-ered, The Lord will say, "Well done!"

CHORUS.

There's work to do, there's work to do, For God and fel-low-man;

In earth's great field of la-bor, We'll do the best we can;

In earth's great field of la-bor, We'll do the best we can.

357 THE HERALDS OF FREEDOM. C. M. D.

ELLACOMBE.



1. An of - fring to the shrine of pow'r, Our hands shall nev - er bring; A
2. Praise to the good, the pure, the great, Who made us what we are! Who

gar - land in the car of pomp Our hands shall nev - er fling; Ap -
lit the flame which yet shall glow, With ra - diance bright - er far; Glo -

plaud - ing in the con - queror's path Our voi - ces ne'er shall be; But
ry to them in com - ing time, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Who

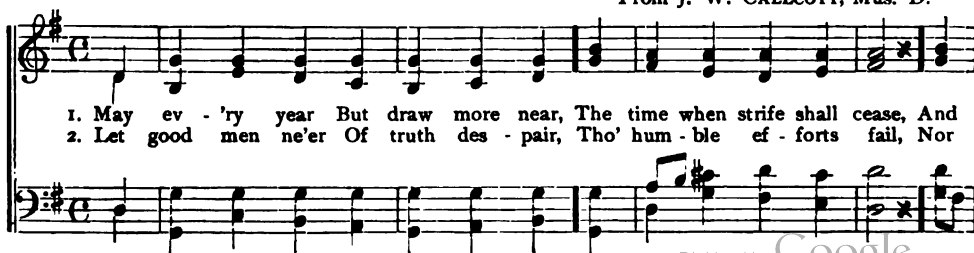
we have hearts to hon - or those Who bade the world go free!
burst the cap - tive's gall - ing chain, And bade the world go free!

Robert Nicoll.

358 THE BETTER TIME COMING.

From "Ethical Songs."

From J. W. CALLCOTT, Mus. D.



1. May ev - 'ry year But draw more near, The time when strife shall cease, And
2. Let good men ne'er Of truth des - pair, Tho' hum - ble ef - forts fail, Nor

SONGS OF JOY AND SOCIAL DUTY.

161

Soft.

truth and love All hearts shall move, To live in joy and peace. Now
e'er give o'er Un - til once more The right - eous cause pre - vail. In

sor - row reigns, And earth com-plains, For fol - ly still her pow'r main-tains, But the
vain and long, En - dur - ing wrong, The weak may strive a-against the strong, But the

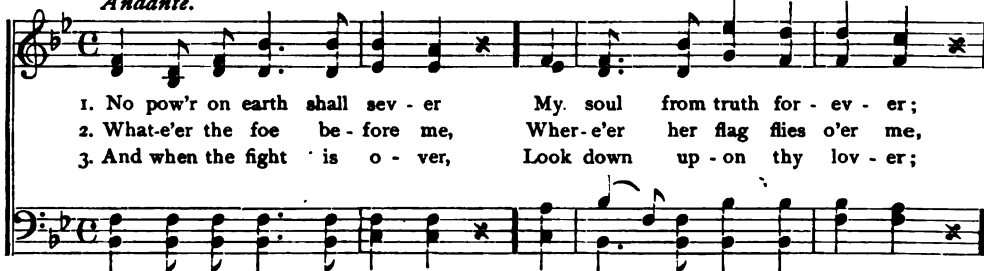
day shall yet ap - pear, When the might with the right and the
day shall sure - ly come, When the might with the right and the

truth shall be, with the right, *cres.* *f* And
When the might with the right and the truth shall be, *f*

come what there may To stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

359 ALL HAIL TO TRUTH. 7, 7, 7, 8, 8.

Arr. from J. KINKEL by HOWARD M. DOW.

Andante.


1. No pow'r on earth shall sev - er My. soul from truth for - ev - er ;
 2. What-e'er the foe be - fore me, Wher-e'er her flag flies o'er me,
 3. And when the fight is o - ver, Look down up - on thy lov - er ;



In what - e'er path she wan - der, I'll fol - low my com-mand - er.
 I'll stand and nev - er fal - ter, No bribe my faith shall al - ter.
 He asks for well - done du - ty, To see thy heav'n-ly beau - ty.



All hail ! all hail ! be - lov - ed Truth !
 Lead on ! lead on ! thou might - y Truth !
 Re - veal thy face, ce - les - tial Truth !



All hail ! all hail be - lov - ed Truth !
 Lead on ! lead on ! thou might - y Truth !
 Re - veal thy face, ce - les - tial Truth !

360 RISE! FOR THE DAY IS PASSING.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

1. Rise! for the day is pass - ing, And you lie dream - ing on;
 2. Rise! if the past de - tains you, Her sun - shine and storms for - get;
 3. Rise! for the day is pass - ing, The sound that you scarce - ly hear

The oth - ers have buckled their ar - mor, And forth to the fight are gone:
 No chains so un - wor - thy to hold you, As those of a vain re - get.
 Is the en - e - my march - ing to bat - tle— A - rise! for the foe is here!

A place in the ranks a - waits you, Each man has some part to play,
 Sad or bright, she is life - less ev - er; Cast her phantom arms a - way,
 Stay not to sharpen your wea - pons, Or the hour will strike at last

The past and the fu - ture are noth - ing In the face of the stern to - day!
 Nor look back, save to learn the les - son Of a no - bler strife to - day!
 When, from dreams of a com - ing bat - tle, You may wake to find it past.

Adelaide A. Proctor.

361 WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7.

From Ethical Songs.
JOSEF TROUSSELLE.

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish While the days are go - ing by ;

There are wea - ry souls who per - ish While the days are go - ing by :

If a smile we can re - new As our journey we pur - sue, Oh, the good we

all may do While the days are go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by !

2 There's no time for idle scorning
While the days are going by ;
Be our faces like the morning
While the days are going by :
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes ;
Help the fallen one to rise
While the days are going by,
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us
While the days are going by ;
One by one we leave behind us
While the days are going by :
But the seeds of good we sow
Both in sun and shade will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow
While the days are going by,
While the days are going by.

362 THERE LIVES A VOICE WITHIN ME. 7, 6, 12l.

S. W. WILKINSON.

1. There lives a voice with-in me, Guest-an-gel of my heart, Whose whisp'rings strive to
 world is full of beau-ty, The cold-est heart to move, And if we did our
 2d time rall. FINE.

win me To act a man-ful part. Up ev-er-more it springeth Like
 du-ty, It might be full of love.

some sweet mel-o-dy, And ev-er-more it sing-eth This sa-cred truth to me: This

D.S.

2 The leaf-tongues of the forest,
 The flower-lips of the sod;
 The birds that hymn their raptures
 Up to the throne of God,
 The summer wind that bringeth
 Joy over land and sea,
 Have each a voice that singeth
 This blessed truth to me:
 This world is full of beauty, etc.

3 Oh, voice of God most tender,
 Oh, voice of God divine,
 Still be my heart's defender
 Till every thought is thine.
 My soul in gladness bringeth
 Its song of praise to thee,
 While all around me singeth
 This holy truth to me:
 This world is full of beauty, etc.

Gerald Massey.†

363 What a World This Might Be!

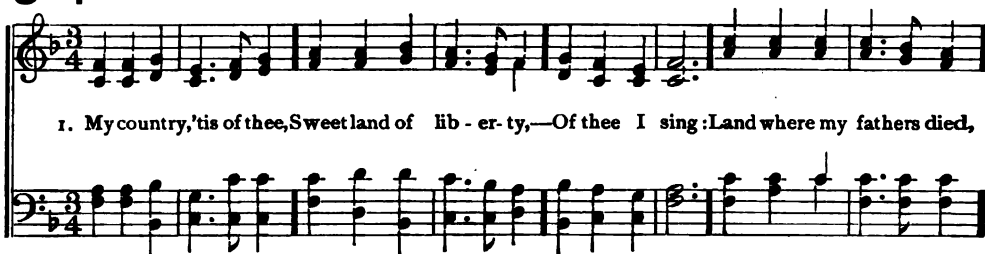
1 O what a world this might be,
 If hearts were always kind;

If, friendship, none would slight thee,
 And fortune prove less blind.
 With love's own voice to guide us,
 Unchanging e'er and fond;
 With all we wish beside us,
 And not a care beyond!
 O what a world this might be,
 More blest than that of yore!
 Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye,
 To love each other more.

2 O what a world of beauty
 A loving heart might plan,
 If man did but his duty,
 And helped his brother man;
 Then angel guests would brighten
 The threshold with their wings,
 And love divine enlighten
 The old forgotten springs.
 O what a world this might be,
 More blest than that of yore!
 Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye,
 To love each other more.

364 AMERICA. 6, 4.

H. CAREY.



- 2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love :
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song !
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong !
- 4 Our fathers' God to thee,
Author of liberty,—
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

Samuel F. Smith.

365 *Our Country.*

- 1 God bless our native land,
May heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore.
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend,
And all our rights depend
On war no more.
- 2 May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And peaceful reign.
Home of the brave and free,
Stronghold of liberty—
We pray that still on thee
There be no stain.
- 3 And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
From shore to shore ;
Lord, make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

W. E. Hickson.

366 ROSS. PATRIOTIC HYMN. 7, 6, 6L.

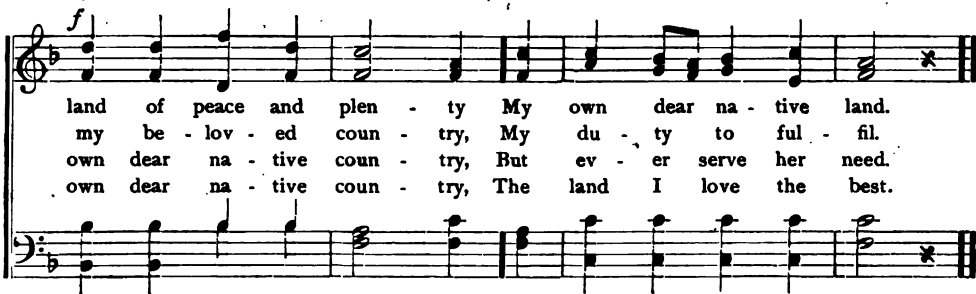
Ross, German.



1. To thee I have de - vot - ed My heart, my thought, my hand; Thou
 2. O hear me, heaven - ly Fa - ther, And give to me the will To
 3. And may I ne'er dis - hon - or, By word, or thought, or deed, My
 4. Cause her, O God, to pros - per, With peace and plen - ty blest, My



land of peace and plen - ty, My own dear na - tive land; Thou
 my be - lov - ed coun - try, My du - ty to ful - fil; To
 own dear na - tive coun - try, But ev - er serve her need; My
 own dear na - tive coun - try, The land I love the best; My



land of peace and plen - ty My own dear na - tive land.
 my be - lov - ed coun - try, My du - ty to ful - fil.
 own dear na - tive coun - try, But ev - er serve her need.
 own dear na - tive coun - try, The land I love the best.

Words translated from German.

367

Our Fathers.

To America.

- 1 Gone are those great and good
 Who here in peril stood,
 And raised their hymn:
 Peace to the reverend dead!
 The light that on their head
 The passing years have shed
 Shall ne'er grow dim.
- 2 Ye temples, that to God
 Rise where our fathers trod,
 Guard well your trust;

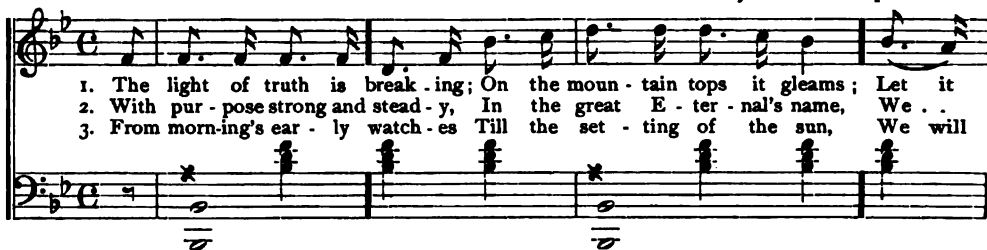
The truth that made them free,
 Their scorn of falsehood's plea,
 Their stainless purity,
 Their sacred dust.

- 3 Thou high and holy One,
 Whose care for sire and son
 All nature fills!
 While day shall break and close,
 While night her crescent shows,
 Oh, let thy light repose
 On our free hills.

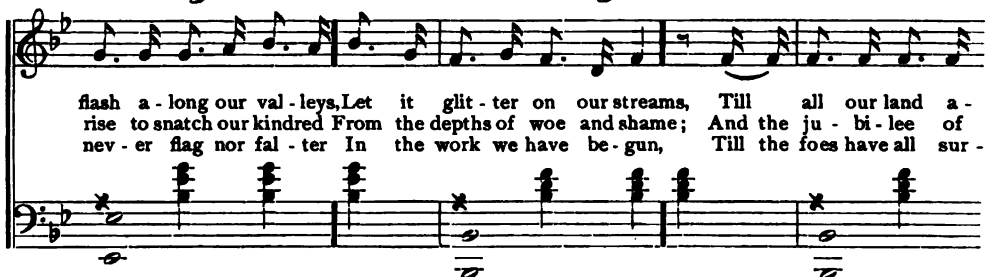
John Pierpont.

368 THE LIGHT OF TRUTH IS BREAKING.

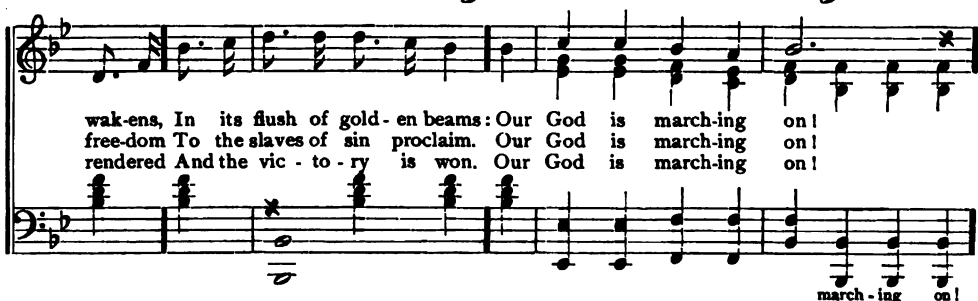
Battle Hymn of the Republic.



1. The light of truth is break - ing; On the moun - tain tops it gleams; Let it
 2. With pur - pose strong and stead - y, In the great E - ter - nal's name, We . .
 3. From morn - ing's ear - ly watch - es Till the set - ting of the sun, We will



flash a - long our val - leys, Let it glit - ter on our streams, Till all our land a -
 rise to snatch our kindred From the depths of woe and shame; And the ju - bi - lee of
 nev - er flag nor fal - ter In the work we have be - gun, Till the foes have all sur -



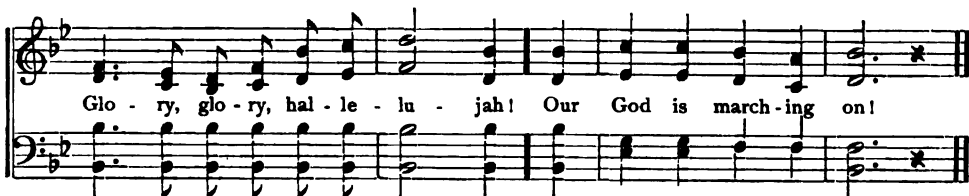
wak - ens, In its flush of gold - en beams: Our God is march - ing on!
 free - dom To the slaves of sin proclaim. Our God is march - ing on!
 rendered And the vic - to - ry is won. Our God is march - ing on!

march - ing on!

CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march - ing on!

369

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

- 1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.
- 2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps:
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.
- 3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal:
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."
- 4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat:
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.
- 5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

370

The Cross and the "Stars and Stripes."

- 1 "In this sign we conquer." 'Tis the symbol of our faith,
Made holy by the might of love triumphant over death;
He finds his life who loseth it, forevermore it saith:
The Truth is marching on!
CHO. Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
The Truth is marching on!
- 2 From age to age they gather, the brave of heart and strong,
In the strife of truth with error, of the right against the wrong;
I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear their triumph song:
The Right is marching on!
CHO. Glory, etc.
- 3 The earth is circling onward, out of shadow into light;
The stars have shone above us still, however dark the night.
For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar of morning bright,
And Love is marching on!
CHO. Glory, etc.
- 4 Lead on, O cross of martyr-faith: with thee is victory!
Shine o'er us, stars and reddening dawn, till the full day shall be!
On earth his kingdom cometh, and with joy our eyes shall see
Our God is marching on!
CHO. Glory, etc.

371 THE PATRIOT'S PRAYER. HOAR. II, IO, II, IO, II, IO, II, II.

German Air, arranged by G. A. B.

1. O Lord, our God! thy mer - cy led our fa - thers, Pil - grims of faith, a -
 2. When, in past days, up - rose our sires he - ro - ic, Whose spir - it brave no
 3. Lo, once a - gain thy Spir - it roused the na - tion, To rise in might th'im-

cross the win - try sea, Here in the wil - der - ness to raisethine al - tars,
 ty - rant could ap - pal, 'Twas in thy name they fought to found the na - tion
 per - illed land to save; Mar - shalled in arms the pa - triot hosts of free - dom,

In sim - ple truth to serve and wor - ship thee. Hear us, their chil - dren,
 On free - dom, jus - tice, e - qual rights for all. Hear us, their chil - dren,
 And struck the shack - les from the cow - ring slave. Hear us, their chil - dren,

at thine al - tar kneel - ing, Al - might - y God, stretch forth thy pow'r - ful hand;
 at thine al - tar kneel - ing, Al - might - y God, stretch forth thy pow'r - ful hand;
 at thine al - tar kneel - ing, Al - might - y God, stretch forth thy pow'r - ful hand;

O, like our fa - thers, still to thee ap - peal - ing,
 O, like our fa - thers, still to thee ap - peal - ing,
 O, like our fa - thers, still to thee ap - peal - ing,

Grant us true free - dom! Pro - tect our na - tive land!
 Save the Re - pub - lic! Pro - tect our na - tive land!
 God save the Un - ion! Pro - tect our na - tive land!

ff

- 4 Still, still, around us giant ills are threatening,
 And slaves to passion, ignorance, and fear
 Ask our redemption, while, the battle waging,
 We fight for virtue, home, and country dear.
 Hear us, we pray, before thine altar kneeling,
 Almighty God! stretch forth thy powerful hand;
 O, like our fathers, still to thee appealing,
 Help us to conquer! Redeem our native land!

Charles W. Wendte.

372

THE PRAYER OF YOUTH.

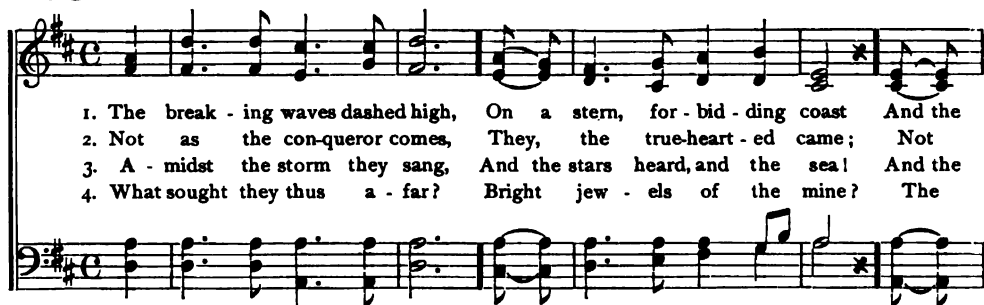
To Hoar.

- 1 O God, most holy, merciful, and mighty,
 Grant us thy blessing on our upward way;
 Lead us and keep us, lest we idly wander
 Far from thy presence, and the brighter day.
 Hear us, we pray, before thine altar kneeling,
 Almighty God! send forth thy quickening love;
 O make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
 Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above!
- 2 Now in the joy and peace of life's fair morning,
 Help us that we may serve thee faithfully;
 Striving to follow in the Teacher's footsteps,
 Loving his perfect law of liberty.
 Hear us, we pray, etc.
- 3 When fierce temptation like a storm surrounds us,
 And weak and faltering, wearily we stand,
 Give us that succour which to him thou gavest,
 And in the darkness let us feel thy hand.
 Hear us, we pray, etc.
- 4 And when life's sun is swiftly westward sinking,
 Let holy faith and love possess our breast;
 Lifting the clouds that darken o'er the valley,
 Leading us homeward to thy promised rest.
 Hear us, we pray, etc.

P. H. James, (except Refrain).
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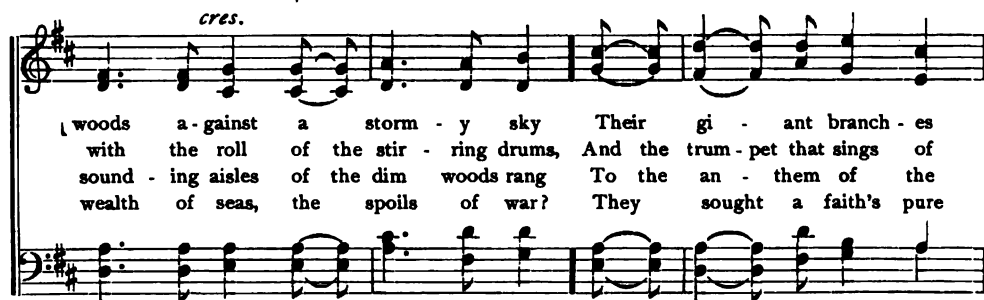
373 THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

BROWNE.

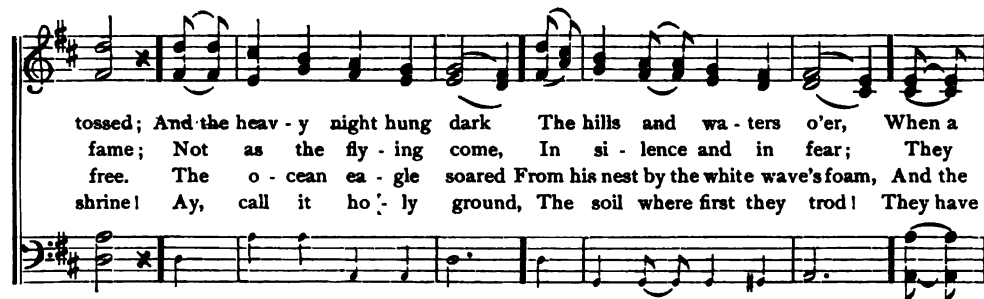


1. The break - ing waves dashed high, On a stern, for - bid - ding coast And the
 2. Not as the con-queror comes, They, the true-heart - ed came; Not
 3. A - midst the storm they sang, And the stars heard, and the sea! And the
 4. What sought they thus a - far? Bright jew - els of the mine? The

cres.

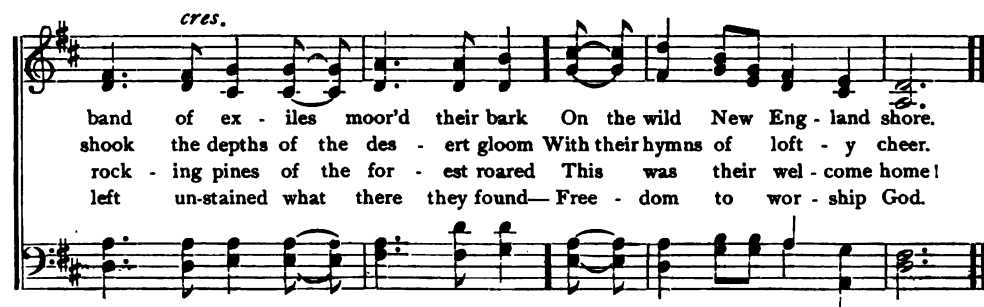


woods a - gainst a storm - y sky Their gi - ant branch - es
 with the roll of the stir - ring drums, And the trum - pet that sings of
 sound - ing aisles of the dim woods rang To the an - them of the
 wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a faith's pure



tossed; And the heav - y night hung dark The hills and wa - ters o'er, When a
 fame; Not as the fly - ing come, In si - lence and in fear; They
 free. The o - cean ea - gle soared From his nest by the white wave's foam, And the
 shrine! Ay, call it ho - ly ground, The soil where first they trod! They have

cres.



band of ex - iles moor'd their bark On the wild New Eng - land shore.
 shook the depths of the des - ert gloom With their hymns of loft - y cheer.
 rock - ing pines of the for - est roared This was their wel - come home!
 left un-stained what there they found—Free - dom to wor - ship God.

Mrs. Felicia Hemans.

374

Tomorrow.

To Our Father's Faith, No. 330.

- 1 High hopes that burned like stars sub-
lime,
Go down the heavens of freedom,
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need them,
Bnt never sit we down and say,
There's nothing left but sorrow;
We walk the wilderness today,
The promised land tomorrow.
- 2 Our hearts give o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten;
Lo! now its dawn bursts up the sky—
Lean out your souls and listen!
The earth rolls freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow;
And 'tis the martyrdom today
Brings victory tomorrow.
- 3 'Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward;
We climb, in sorrow, grave by grave,
Yet beat a pathway sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray,
Yet newer strength we borrow,
And where our vanguard rests today
Our rear shall rest tomorrow.
- 4 Through all the long, dark night of years,
The people's cry ascended;
The earth was wet with blood and tears,
Ere their meek sufferings ended.
The few shall not forever sway,
The many toil in sorrow;
The gates of hell are strong today,
But Christ shall reign tomorrow.
- 5 Then youth, flame earnest, still aspire
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire
Your yearning opes a portal;
And though age wearies by the way
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain today—
The harvest comes tomorrow.

Gerald Massey.

375

Thou Leadest Me.

To "He Leadeth Me," Gospel Hymns, No. 51.

- 1 O lead me, Father, lest I stray:
Lead thou me onward, day by day!
Bid passion serve and self be still;
While, meekly, I adore thy will.
- REFRAIN.
- Thou leadest me! Thou leadest me!
In life or death thou leadest me!
Thy faithful follower let me be!
For 'tis thy love that leadeth me.
- 2 If, amid pleasures, I am prone,
Lord, to forget thee, or disown;
If sorrow whelms me: gone the light;
Then shine upon me, guide aright.
- REF. Thou leadest me! etc.
- 3 When thought is burden, work is care,
O let me still find strength in prayer;
When shadows fall, earth's day is past,
O lead me, Father, home at last!
- REF. Thou leadest me! etc.

John Page Hopps.†

376

Temperance Hymn.

To Webb, No. 102.

- 1 Now, host with host assembling,
The victory we win;
Lo! on his throne sits trembling
That old and giant sin:
Like chaff by strong winds scattered,
His banded strength has gone,
His charmed cup lies shattered,
And still the cry is, "On!"
- 2 Our fathers' God, our keeper!
Be thou our strength divine:
Thou sendest forth the reaper,
The harvest all is thine.
Roll on, roll on this gladness;
Till, driven from every shore,
The drunkard's sin and madness
Shall smite the earth no more.

Rev. E. H. Chapin

377 *The Golden City.*

To No. 326, or Greenville, No. 143.

- 1 Have you heard the golden city
Mentioned in the legends old?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
Wondrous tales of it are told.
Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming walls;
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.
- 2 We are builders of that city;
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building stones.
But a few brief years we labor,
Soon our earthly day is o'er,
Other builders take our places,
And our place knows us no more.
- 3 But the work which we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with the years.
It will last, and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right;
It will merge into the splendors
Of the City of the Light.

Felix Adler.

378 *A Creed.*

To Pilgrim, No. 171.

- 1 I believe in Human Kindness
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
I believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throb of joy;
In the Love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.
- 2 I believe in dreams of Duty,
Warning us to self-control,—
Foregleams of the glorious beauty
That shall yet transform the soul;
In the godlike wreck of nature
Sin doth in the sinner leave,

That he may regain the stature
He hath lost,—I do believe.

- 3 I believe in Love renewing
All that sin hath swept away,
Leaven-like its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day:
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprieve,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection,—I believe.
- 4 I believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That, beneath the deep infernal,
Hath a depth that's deeper still!
In its patience, its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph,—I believe.

"Good Words."

379 *Credo.*

To Pilgrim, No. 171.

- 1 I believe in *God*, the Father,
Maker, Helper, Friend of all,
In whose power Creation standeth,
And whose life is all in all.
- 2 I believe in *man*, my brother,
Claiming sympathy and care,
Thro' whose need the Father pleadeth
Through whose love, his love I share.
- 3 I believe in simple *duty*,
Sacred trust to mortals given,
By whose steps o'er prostrate selfhood
We ascend from earth to heaven.
- 4 I believe in *God*, the Father;
I believe in *man*, his son;
In the spirit of true *service*,
Whereby heaven on earth is won.

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